

# **HARRY HUNT ATKINSON: TONOPAH AND RENO MEMORIES OF A NEVADA ATTORNEY**

Interviewee: Harry Hunt Atkinson

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## **Description**

Harry Hunt Atkinson was raised in the Salt Lake City area where he was born in 1881. He had fond memories of surveying the Utah desert and of his excellent schooling in the gentile schools of that preponderantly Mormon city. Mr. Atkinson later went to Stanford, where he obtained his legal education, and he was an observer of the San Francisco fire and earthquake of 1906. On hearing of the rich ore strike in Tonopah, Nevada, he decided to practice law in that area. Clearly interested in politics, he was justice of the peace in Tonopah and later district attorney for Nye County. He also participated actively in Republican political campaigns in Tonopah and later in Reno.

When the excitement in Tonopah had diminished, the Atkinson family moved to San Francisco and later to Reno, where Mr. Atkinson was U.S. District Attorney for Nevada. He practiced law in Reno until his death in 1968.

This oral history includes colorful memories of early Tonopah social and legal experiences and tells of many significant Nevada personages who spent time in the Tonopah-Goldfield area. Mr. Atkinson's stories of some of the political campaigns of his good friend, Tasker L. Oddie, will interest the reader as will his stories of Prohibition days in Reno.



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An Oral History Conducted by Barbara C. Thornton

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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## PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber  
Director, UNOHP  
July 2012

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## INTRODUCTION

Harry Hunt Atkinson was raised in the Salt Lake City area where he was born in 1881. He had fond memories of surveying the Utah desert and of his excellent schooling in the Gentile schools of that preponderantly Mormon city. Mr. Atkinson later went to Stanford where he obtained his legal education and was an observer of the San Francisco fire and earthquake of 1906. On hearing of the rich ore strike in Tonopah, Nevada, he decided to practice law in that area. Clearly interested in politics, he was justice of the peace in Tonopah and later district attorney for Nye County. He also participated actively in Republican political campaigns in Tonopah and later in Reno.

When the excitement in Tonopah had diminished, the Atkinson family moved to San Francisco and later to Reno, where Mr. Atkinson was U. S. District Attorney for Nevada and where he practiced law until his death in January, 1968.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project, he readily accepted and indicated that he appreciated a chance to have

his memories of Tonopah and Reno recorded. The result was a series of recordings which took place from January to March of 1967. While the transcript was being reviewed and edited, Mr. Atkinson passed away. At a later date, his nephew, Dave Jackson, consented to review the chronicle and found that no significant changes needed to be made, he gratefully acknowledged Mr. Jackson's assistance.

This oral history includes colorful memories of early Tonopah social and legal experiences and tells of many significant Nevada personages who spent time in the Tonopah-Goldfield area. Mr. Atkinson's stories of some of the political campaigns of his good friend, Tasker L. Oddie, will interest the reader as will his stories of Prohibition days in Reno.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno, Library preserves the past and the present for future research by tape-recording the reminiscences of persons who have played significant roles in the development of Nevada and the West, or who

have witnessed events of importance. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Special Collections Department of the University Library, where they are available to scholars. Harry Hunt Atkinson's oral history is designated as open for research.

Barbara C. Thornton  
University of Nevada, Reno  
1970

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## EARLY LIFE, SCHOOLING, AND MILITARY SERVICE

I, Harry Hunt Atkinson, was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, May 22, 1881. My father, Henry Robert Merrick Atkinson, was born in London in 1853.

My father and his mother, Harriet Atkinson, came to Salt Lake City, Utah from London, England. My grandmother's sister was in Salt Lake and had married a bishop by the name of Bishop Thorn, bishop of the Seventh Ward Church in Salt Lake City, Utah.

My father and mother were married in Utah. My mother, Jessie Ericksen Atkinson, died when I was two years old. I had a little brother who died about the same time. I think it was a question of childbirth.

My father, my grandmother and I lived in the same house and we had a servant. My grandmother, who raised me, was a marvelous person. She had the sweetest disposition. She died almost in her eighties, I think, and she had the most beautiful hair, not a gray strand in it.

After my grandmother died, my father and I had a room together, and then later I went to live with Mrs. Eliza Jane Elliott, who had been born in Melbourne, Australia.

She was in charge of an estate and was full of business. She had a remarkably good influence on me, and she was instrumental in my starting a bank account and working at Walker Brothers. I started working when I was about nine, delivering packages by streetcar on Saturdays. I got seven cents a day, which I put in the bank. -And then, in the summertime, I worked either delivering packages or working in the store until I was twelve. My father later married Mrs. Elliott. The atmosphere of my home was wonderful. I don't recall an altercation between my father and grandmother or between my father and my stepmother. I don't remember any altercation between them excepting possibly just once.

I started school in this Seventh Ward School, which was next to the Mormon school. The school I attended was later called Whittier School, and it was the first public school in the town. Later, after things were organized, the whole town went on a public school basis and furnished the books, which was the most surprising thing.

By the way, I was out in the front of this Whittier School in the winter, and it had been thawing. We were throwing snowballs at each other and I slipped and fell and got wet, right in that slush. When the school bell rang, why, I went right back into school, of course, and sat down in my seat. I began to get fidgety and fidgety, and the teacher said, "Harry, what's the matter?"

I said, "I'm wet!"

You can imagine what the kids said!

I later transferred from Whittier to the Summer School and graduated from there in the eighth grade. That was where I got my instruction from Miss Chapman, luckily. She was a peach. She just went all out to give me all she knew, which was a great help, of course.

We also had a teacher by the name of Eleanor Smith, who had a very nice figure and beautiful auburn hair and was just a nice person to look at. She was our English teacher. She gave us stuff to learn like nobody's business. Thank goodness I learned from her about Walter Scott, Longfellow, Whittier, and such things as that. We learned everything about those different authors. I remember a great deal of all of it. It was a wonderful school for the teachers. They were new and they had a lot of training. The school board wanted to get the best talent, and they did. The superintendent, Millspaugh, was a peach.

I went through four years of high school and graduated from two courses, both the classical and scientific. I was a real student!

My father was a wonderful influence. He was interested in what I was doing and helped me out when I won the preliminary oratorical contest. We used to go up to his office, the surveyor general's office, at night, and he'd listen to me and make suggestions. When the contest finally came, why, I won it! I got a nice gold medal for it.

I decided I was interested in law just as I entered high school. I'll tell you why. In those days, they had debating societies. I belonged to two: one had the grand Greek name of Philomathian Debating Society, and another was called the Senate. The Senate was a product of a congregational school. It was operated at what was known as Hammond Hall. As I knew some of the people that went to Hammond Hall, I got into this debating society, and, of course, it was wonderful training and experience. We didn't have an instructor or anything like that. We just did it, that's all.

Later on in the Senate Debating Society, we used to meet in the judicial chambers over in the city and county building. That's what made me decide I wanted to be a lawyer, and that was way back, just about the time I was in my first year in high school.

My father was head of the agricultural department in Salt Lake. He was always in a dither about it being a political job and wondered whether he'd be retained should there be a change of administration. But luckily, the man in charge was then a character known as "Mr. Surveyor General," a man named Snow. Incidentally, this Snow had a brother who was a naval attache in the Navy yards in San Francisco. When I was in the Army and went into camp down there across from the French Hospital, why, he gave me a letter to his brother.

The Mormon influence on my life was interesting. As I said, my grandma's sister had married this Mormon bishop by the name of Thorn. My grandfather, my grandmother, and my father were not Mormons. My father, however, became very closely associated with them before the temples were formally opened and then closed. At one time, the Gentiles who were on proper recommendation could go into the Temple. My dad went through;

he was that close. Of course, the fact that his aunt was the wife of a Mormon bishop didn't do any harm.

I was on good terms with all of them. My best friend— as a matter of fact, one of my very, very best friends—was Jasmine Young. Her father was a grandson or a nephew of Brigham Young. And that family, he had—oh, there was three families. His wife, my friend Jasmine's mother, was the sweetest, loveliest person. Her father was one of the old timers. He walked a good eleven blocks to his office every day. I could see him pass our house.

By the way, our house was on Fifth South and State. Right across the street was the Eighth Ward Square. And on that square, after that, was erected the city and county building which houses the city and county offices and apartments now. I never will forget. I was present at the time of the cornerstone laying. It was laid by the Grand Lodge of Masons of Utah. I didn't know anything about Masons at that time, but I remember getting up there and seeing the fellows apply things to the stone and all that. Afterwards, I knew it was just the cornerstone laid by this Grand Lodge of Masons and that the Grand Master was there with the others. I didn't realize that later on I'd be doing the same thing. I've laid many cornerstones here in the state of Nevada.

Then we get back to the Mormons. Oh, I used to go to their dances. I had a friend by the name of Minnie Oakey. She was a beautiful girl and a wonderful dancer.

One of my fondest memories was of a great political campaign in 1889. I had that date confirmed by a letter from the Salt Lake Tribune. It was one of the first great campaigns I had seen and it concerned George M. Scott from the hardwood company, and I can't for the moment think who his opponent was. It was the first time there was a division between the People's party, representative of

the Mormons, and the Gentiles of the Liberal party.

This campaign was a whizzer. Colonel O. W. Powers handled the campaign. He was head of the Gentiles.

Even in the Seventh Ward School, we participated. The women made our costumes. We'd go all over the place, and sometimes we'd go into the meetings and march around. Some of the young fellows would just give a "Rah, rah, rah," and some of them would ask you to come to headquarters for a nice ginger ale or something like that. The costumes we wore had a soldier cap and they were red with brass buttons, white duck pants, and rubber boots.

It was a terrific winter. No pavement then, there wasn't a paved street around there. As I said, I was working at the Walker Brothers' store on Saturday delivering packages by streetcar, which was beyond the territory covered by delivery wagons. My last trip would be to Fort Douglas with all the women's hats and things like that. I'd work from about nine o'clock in the morning to about eleven o'clock at night. It was a good start. I got seven cents a day which I put in the bank.

In the summertime, I worked delivering packages or working in the store until I was twelve. Then, that summer before I entered high school, I went on my first surveying trip which took me around Price and Helper in Utah, out on the desert, and up in the high mountains. Showing you the difference of things now and in those days, I wore a high neckerchief around my neck, high around the neck, long underwear, and a hat. But I never caught cold once.

Once we were surveying in the mountains after a rainstorm. You go in that brush and it's just like a great big rainstorm all at once, at one time, coming on. You get wet, soaked to the skin, but I never caught cold once. Of course, I changed clothes immediately.

I walked several miles from where we were working back to camp, because everywhere we went, we had to walk, from morning to night. We went back and did a day's work at one place and then got back from that place. It was wonderful training, and helpful to me, because when I later enlisted in the Army, I had a six-inch chest expansion. The doctor said, "Oh, look at the balloon!"

Of course, during the period that I was in high school, I went to a gym a couple of times a week. My father would go with me. His office was just across from the gym. That's where I learned to swing an Indian club. Afterwards, I used that and taught the boys at college, and then I used to give exhibitions to gentlemen. Some clubs were black with tin (sheets of tin around it). Then you'd put a ball of fire on the end of it, and in a dark room, it was very impressive. I used to get a hand every time I did that. Then there was a horizontal bar and a mat for my other specialties, so to speak. My father just used dumbbells and things like that. Later I was a member of the gym club at Stanford on account of the training.

I was out in the sticks every summer during the four years that I was in high school. I used to gain every summer at least five pounds or so. Nonetheless, I'd go to sleep right after dinner, pretty near, but the other fellows, the older ones, they'd talk around the campfire. Sometimes we got to stay out all night. Sometimes you'd leave the camp in the morning and you'd go on what they call line surveying. You were supposed to meet at the camp that they were going to move some place. You'd miss connections somehow, and once in a while you'd have to stay out all night. That was all right. You got used to it.

There were three men who were U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyors. One was John T. Brechen, a man named Hansen, and Robert Gorlinski. In those days, they took the

contract from the government and subdivided it for public domain. Nowadays, they're in the direct employment of the government—the Bureau of Land Management they call it now. They used to be the fellows that handled the United States Surveyor General's Office, and the man in charge was called the Surveyor General in those days.

Then, of course, I went on railway surveys, too, with a fellow named Sam, who was the chief engineer of the railroad. Baxter was the engineer in charge, and Sam was the one immediately in charge.

I paid all my expenses in college, and I did that by the money I made at Walker Brothers' store and on my surveying trips and then later when I was in the surveyor general's office. Then I did private drafting work for the surveyors at night. Later, when I came home from college, I could go into the surveyor general's office and work. I had wonderful experiences because of learning trigonometry in high school, and I was equipped to do all the figuring necessary in making out the plots and areas for different mines and for those who were surveying mines for patents. I also used that information when I later went to Tonopah because it was easy for me and they paid wonderful fees: \$150 for the first claim, and \$125 for a group, for each claim in the group. It was a wonderful experience for me. As I said, I paid my schooling expenses throughout the year.

There were three of us from high school who went into the National Guard during high school and attended weekly meetings. We had to provide our horse, and that's all. This was before we went into the service. This was in the National Guard from October, 1897 to May of 1898. Then in 1898, I went into the service [the troops] from the Guard.

As time neared for high school graduation, it was a terrific ordeal for me to decide on



entering the military service because I was very fond of my father, and we were very, very close. I did decide to do so, and I had to leave school about three weeks before the time for graduating. Nevertheless, I was graduated as the valedictorian of my class. My address, which was written while I was in camp, was given by Clarence Breeze, a classmate who is now practicing law in Las Vegas. I'm told by my classmates that at this graduating exercise, which was held in the Salt Lake Theater, the chair that would have been mine was decorated with the American flag.

The members of the troops purchased our horses in Salt Lake, and I had the most beautiful animal you ever saw in your life. We took a train from Salt Lake to San Francisco. We had a mixed train, the freight carrying the horses, and a couple of day coaches in the back for the men to sleep. Our first stop was at Lovelock, and the women were out with coffee and doughnuts. And they gave us abdominal bands, flannel things to go around your stomach. Next stop was down in San Francisco. We got the same thing there.

In going up Market Street, my carbine got twisted around and I had to get off the horse to get it fixed. The darn old horse was beginning to get impatient, and did I have a time going up that street to catch the troop! Holy smoke!

While I was with the troops, I met the Taylor family who lived in San Francisco. Thomas G. Taylor was the man's name. He was originally a sea captain, then later went to Virginia City and became manager of a mine in Silver City, known as the Yellowjacket mine. He later became somewhat of an invalid, because when I first met them, he spent all his time sitting in a chair, had a skull cap on and everything. They were a most marvelous family. Mrs. Taylor was a grand person.

I met them through one of the boys who was in the troop, a fellow named Cobb, who

was quite a ladies' man. He was quite a bit older than I. I was only about seventeen. The Taylor family was living at 1911 Pine Street. I was out in camp staying with my troop. And I'd have to get out there before seven o'clock in the morning or something like that, and I climbed that darn hill that goes up Goff Street to Pine, just like that. I could hear cars really come down over the cobblestones. (They just had horse cars then, but I could hear those wheels go over those cobblestones. At that time, too, they had just gas heat and lights. The fellow used to come armed with a long stick with something on the end of it, and he'd put that up there and turn on the lights. That's the way they lighted the streets in those days.)

There were five Taylors. They were marvelous people. There was Mary and Tim and Bessie and Laura, the sisters; Tom was the father, and he was a member of Zeta Psi fraternity at the University of California. That's how I became a Zeta when I went to Stanford, through my acquaintance with him, because when I came back to go to college, of course, I stayed at the Taylor home. They were marvelous to me.

I'd go to Taylors for dinner sometimes, and I remember one time meeting the colonel of the Montana regiment and some lieutenant commander in the Navy, and they were just as nice to me as if I was one of them, just wonderful. It was a great experience, I'll tell you. Tom invited a fellow by the name of Sam Hardy, who, with his brother, were champion tennis players in California. And I met Eugene Field, marvelous fellow; gosh, he was a peach!

In about August, 1900, our troop went to Yosemite Valley to guard the park. We stopped near Wawona. We went out there and we camped just about half a mile from the Wawona Hotel on the creek where they had a camp. At that time, on account of the regulars being there, the enlisted men couldn't

eat in the dining room where the officers ate. They ate where the servants ate. By golly, we had to do the same thing, at least, the noncommissioned officers. At that time I was made a sergeant. I was correspondent of the Salt Lake Tribune at that time, and I told them all about it in one of my articles.

One time, I took three other men and we went over to Yosemite. Yosemite was about thirty miles from where we were camped. On one of those trips we had to go under, not the Yosemite Falls, but some other falls there on the west side of the valley, up on top of El Capitan, then across country to a road which took us up to Lake Teniyah, and there we escorted some cattle from there out of the park. Previously, we got onto a road to go to a place called Buck Horn, I think, known as the Big Oak Flat Road, where we got on another road. I knew we were lost, so we started to go cross-country over the hills. I don't know what we would have done if we hadn't got onto a trail, a blazed trail, [marked by] cutoff bark on a tree. We would go right along and see another place where the bark was split. That meant we were still on the trail. Then we got over to the Big Oak Flat Road and got to the place where we were to get these cattle.

Of course, when we went on these trips, we cooked our own meals. If we got to Yosemite, we stopped at the Yosemite Hotel. (It was a nice hotel down on the bottom of the valley. It's not on the bottom now. Later on it was perched way up on top, near some point.)

On our way, on one of these trips, we saw a man come along with a gun over his shoulder. We just took the gun away from him, gave him a receipt for it and told him where he could pick it up at the camp. They weren't supposed to have them in there. Can you imagine? I was only seventeen years old. But the corporal and the fellows with me were so much older than I that it didn't make any difference.

When I was in the Army, we were camped out there opposite the French Hospital in San Francisco, and I, being the correspondent for the salt Lake Tribune, had the captain let me go downtown to send telegrams or mail letters. When my father came out to visit me for a while, it was a great opportunity to be with him, and I made my leave. And when I'd get downtown, I'd come back on one of those cable cars that turns and goes out to the Richmond district right alongside of the French Hospital. I had to get one of the front seats. In those days, they had two parts to the cable cars, the open part in the front and the closed part in the back. I'd sit on the front seat of the open car. But I'd go to sleep just the same, and finally I thought I'd better go back and sleep in the closed car. I'd put my head down right now and proceed to go to sleep, and the conductor would wake me up when I got to where my camp was.

I made a very nice income out of writing for the salt Lake Tribune. I got a cent a word for telegrams and so much an inch for letters. I'd get pictures of the camp and then I'd also make my own pictures, like one fellow shaving another and apartment sharing and other things like that. I'd get so much an inch for all that. It all came in mighty handy.

This old colonel from Salt Lake, he was the managing editor of the paper. And he had a daughter who was in the surveyor general's office where I was. Maybe that's how I got the job. At any rate, I got it and that came in very handy. It gave me a wonderful opportunity for a leave of absence, you know, to go out.

I was in the service from May to December. I was made sergeant, oh, probably about three months before we busted out. We were let out because the war in the Philippines was about over. Of course, right after that, they went to China on the Boxer situation over there.

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## STANFORD UNIVERSITY AND THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE AND EARTHQUAKE

The Guard was disbanded in December, 1898, and I entered Stanford University in 1899 as a result of inquiries written by me to the registrars or authorities of Stanford, University of Michigan, Harvard, Cornell, I think, and University of California. After knowing the registrar at Stanford, it was surprising as well as comforting to be admitted because he was a tough one, so the other fellows told me.

When I entered college, I lived at Encino Hall, and then later on, when I was bid Zeta, I went over to the Zeta house. But it was on account of my introduction to Tom Taylor that I got steered to the Zetas. And the funny part of it was I remember a member of Phi Kappa Psi fraternity named Harry Roberts came out to Stanford and to San Francisco with me. He was going to Stanford and he had a brother who had already been there the year before. I went out to stay with the Taylors a couple of nights, and then I went on down to Stanford and went to Encino Hall and matriculated and later on bid Zeta. I could have bid Phi Kappa Psi and also Delta

Tau Delta and Chi Psi; these three I would have bid. So I matriculated and went to the Z house and became a Zeta.

I matriculated in economics at first, as I did not know you could take law as an undergraduate. In my second year, when I found that out, I studied law, exclusively law. Courts was a course for sophomores, Contracts and Criminal Law was for juniors, as was Property I. Then there was Equity and Personal Relations, or something like that. They gave me the six courses necessary to graduate, and I graduated with an A. B. in law. And on account of that, I became a member of the University Club in 1904. I'm the oldest member of the University Club now. I became a member in October, 1904. That was the University Club of Salt Lake. My father was a member, and then my older son, Robert S. Atkinson, became a member. So at one time there, the three of us were members of the club. My father and older son are both passed on. 2 graduated in law in 1903. That was for only six courses in law, and you had to have fifteen to get a doctor's degree.

On graduation in June, about 1903, I then spent two years surveying as usual in government land subdivisions and also a railroad line from Provo to Heber, also acting as the assistant to the examiner of surveys under a man by the name of Johnson, a very fine gentleman. (His wife was the daughter of Senator Tower, I think it was, of Colorado, who was a wonderful fellow.) It was also a great experience because it helped finish the job which I had previously been on the previous summer by going elsewhere as an examiner of surveys. Part of the survey was on the Great American Desert, extending up the shores of Bear Lake, across the Devil's Slide and Yuba Canyon on the Yuba River, and going throughout an Indian reservation as far south as Richfield. And, strange to say, just within these last two weeks, I met a man who remembered me, although he was just a boy when I was in town on one of those trips.

I was out two years surveying in the surveyor general's office and railroad surveying and all that, mostly to earn money to put me through more school. I went back in September, 1905. I matriculated in law again, and then took six courses in law again. I've forgotten exactly what they were, but there were six courses that were postgraduate courses.

The earthquake came along, then, on April the eighteenth. Of course, that closed the college for the rest of the year. I got my credits in six courses, so I had twelve. I went back in September to take the other three, just enough to get a doctor's degree.

As I said, I was at Stanford University at the time of the fire and the earthquake, taking my postgraduate work. The fire was April eighteenth. Luckily for me, I was admitted to the bar on April sixth. I never will forget—the fire took place at 5:18 in the morning. Of course, we all had to get out. I got down my

clothes and ran outside, and I could see the smoke just beginning to rise, a tremendous amount of smoke out by the Golden Gate, just the very beginning of the fire. I had enough sense to go downtown, and I got six dozen films and a little five-dollar buy of a Kodak. At that time, I got some marvelous pictures of the college. I went to San Jose that night, hoping to get into San Francisco by way of Oakland, but I couldn't, so I slept in the day coach and went back to San Francisco the next day, getting off at the Lynch Street station.

I was scurrying up Van Ness Avenue to my friends, the Taylors' home, which was on 1911 Pine Street. I helped them get things together and I helped move them on one of those grocery hand trucks from there clear out to Presidio. One of their daughters was in an apartment right near there, and I slept with these friends in their apartment. And that night, from that distance, way out there, there was nothing but a sea of flames from the old warehouse there on the bay, clear around down as far as you could see, all east of Van Ness Avenue. You could read a newspaper from where we were by the light from that fire. It was terrific; I'll say it was terrific! We fixed them up, and they had a stove on the front of the house on the street where they could do their cooking. They had a Chinaman cook, these friends of mine. Of course, they all slept out there with their sister. So that was the situation at that time. Oh, that was something!

The funniest thing I remember was seeing one fellow with a great, big mattress on his back. That's all he had, just this great, big mattress on his back. Another one came along, and the only thing he had was a bird in a bird cage. That was all he had. I took a lot of pictures, one of which was of people gathered on one of the hills west of San Francisco, and another one was a soldier that had just taken a drink; he was lying there. And I saw the flame

get started on the first floor of an apartment house on Center Street. That thing just went right straight up. It just ate that thing right straight up. That was terrific, that was. In just a couple of days I went back to college, and I wired my father for some money and I also sent him a letter. He didn't get my wire, but he sent me some money.

I was admitted to the bar before the Court of Appeals on an oral examination, which was then prevalent, on April 6, 1906 (the Bar of California), along with two other boys, because of the fact that in March of that year, the supreme court said the examinations would be on April 6 rather than in late May. The three of us had read through the books from one end to the other and went after it, and luckily, we all three passed. My father was mad as the dickens when I got admitted to the bar and I hadn't told him I was studying for it. Upset! And I said I was sorry because I didn't know whether I was going to pass.

That summer, I went back to Utah and went on irrigation surveying in Utah and Wyoming until the fall. One time, going up a hill, we stopped at the top of a little hill, looked back, and there was a mountain lion coming out of the place we just left. He followed us. And at another place where we were camping, all of a sudden, we turned around and there was a rattlesnake crawling over our dishes and things. Then coming up from the Weber Canyon and crossing the Weber River, coming up on the other side, it was a little bit steep. There was a little pit there. I finally got near the top, and I could hear the snakes buzzing. I got up there and it was one of those little sidewinder rattlesnakes. Of course, he scampered as soon as I got up there. Funny thing, in all my experiences throughout the years, I remember seeing only two or three rattlesnakes. Can you imagine that? Only one or two or three. I've seen bear, bear all over

the place. Deer. In Wyoming on one trip I saw antelope, beautiful things; they're wonderful. It has been a remarkable experience all the time. I was busy all the time.

The kids in Salt Lake, they go, some of them, to Yellowstone and all that for the summer. I saw all of that during the course of my work, all of it. I've seen some of the most beautiful scenery. And I've seen a moon rainbow, a circle around the moon of the colors of the rainbow, clear around, a perfect circle. That was the first time I ever saw it when I was surveying. And I also saw a ball of fire bouncing along the ground down in that section, too.



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## TONOPAH DAYS AS A LAWYER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY

In the fall of 1906, I matriculated again at Stanford to do postgraduate work, but I was offered an opportunity to form a partnership with a man by the name of C. F. Humphrey, who had mining interests in Tonopah, Manhattan, and Goldfield, Nevada, where there was a boom in mining. We formed a partnership, got some books (a very fine reference library) which I took with me to Tonopah and which Mr. Humphrey joined me in financing and for which I paid him back later. I came to Reno about the fourteenth or fifteenth of September, 1906, where I met Albert D. Ayres, a very fine gentleman and a lawyer practicing here in Reno, who took me to Carson, where I was admitted to the bar on his motion. The interesting feature of that is, as you will see, that there was no residential requirement. You couldn't do that now. Now a lawyer has to live here a certain length of time before he is even eligible to take the examination to apply for admission. Fortunately, after one day's residence, I got admitted to the bar. Thereupon the next day I went to Tonopah, and what a hot ride that was—by train.

I didn't have a chance to dig into the theoretical idea of law until after I went into the bar, and then I just had to plunge right into it. Oh, gee whiz, did I have a headache! I will never forget. I had been there about three or four weeks, and my friend, Bob Moore, the assistant cashier at the Tonopah Banking Corporation, called me up and asked me to come over. (He had been in college at Stanford and was a fraternity brother.) He told me of some people that owned some claims and wanted to draw up an agreement of sale, and so forth and so on. Gee whiz, I went back to the office, and what a time I had getting that agreement out. That started me off.

In my meeting people in Tonopah, I became a member of what was known as the Nyco Club, to which John Chandler, superintendent of the McNamara mine, belonged. This club of business and professional men of Tonopah were having a woman as their housekeeper. That was just for meals, and I had rooms in another home on the other side of town, the eastern side of town, with some other men, young fellows,



more or less recent arrivals in Tonopah, attracted by the mining excitement. We called it a club, although some of the gentlemen lived there, but I only took my meals there. That was just for a short time.

Then I met some other fellows who had what was known as the “Cabbage Patch Cottage,” with one room containing a round table seating about ten men, a kitchen, and a sleeping room for the cook with the other servants housekeeping, a bathroom, and so forth. Us fellows lived in another house up the street. And this club was remarkable in that one of the members, named Arthur Perry, was the first violinist to the orchestra, somebody told me. Another one whose name I have forgotten had the most wonderful baritone voice. He sang oratorios and the like. Another one had a super tenor voice. And the other was a comedian who had a good voice, too. And then besides that one, we had another fellow in the club, but not a member of the eating club, named Marriman, who was the most wonderful piano player. His hands would almost span two octaves. And he was our life saver at night, because many and many a time, as he was tickling the ivories, we were going into slumberland. He was a marvelous guy.

By the time I got there (Tonopah), the trains were running. The train came into Tonopah. But then, if they wanted a piano down there, they’d stick it on one of these freight wagons. They had freight wagons that had about twelve teams of horses, great big, long things. The wagons traveled more or less the same general direction as the trains did. Of course, they were used for hauling borax. There was a borax mine down there in Death Valley. It was operated by a fellow by the name of Borax Smith. The superintendent I knew very well. His name was Chris Zabriskie [one of the first three graduates of the University

of Nevada). The kind of a fellow he was, he was a comedian. And he would leave some meeting and Borax Smith just gave him the devil, and Chris said to Smith, “Well, outside of that, am I all right?”

I got an office down in what is known as the Nyco building, which was over a store called the Nyco Mercantile Company, and it was there where my friend Chandler had an office together with M. R. Averill, who later became a district judge down there, and a fellow by the name of Alfred R. Needles, a brilliant fellow who prided himself on being the attorney for Mae Wingfield, who was in some way connected as sort of a common law wife, or something like that, with George Wingfield. Needles used to tell me what he was going to do to Wingfield and then proceed to roar to the rafters. He had a heyday out of that.

There was also a fellow named [Patrick] “Patsy” M. Bowler. He was a very brilliant fellow who figured in the famous trial of Preston N. Smith in Hawthorne and Goldfield in 1906 or ‘07, about 1907.

I established my office there with these gentlemen, and then, later on, I became manager of this “Cabbage Patch” place, which was aptly named because these fellows were all young fellows, and the lady who was a cook was a perfect “Mrs. Wiggs.” She was in about her sixties, and she had her hair back—solid gray hair with a little knot on the back. And we used to have a lot of fun right there.

One day, I was going by with a young lady who I afterwards married. “Mrs. Wiggs” had an Indian girl as her assistant. And as this young lady and I passed the place, I saw this little Indian girl out in front outside. She goes back to “Mrs. Wiggs” to say, “Here comes young boss. He catch him a woman.”

In running this club, we’d just keep books on these forms, you know. I think we fixed



a certain amount, based on experience, per month. Right now, I wouldn't remember what that was. I'll tell you where you can get the idea of costs in that time. There is a gentleman here who was the superintendent of the Tonopah-Goldfield market. His name is John Blum. He was a cattleman, and he is now retired in Reno. John knows all about the economic conditions down there in Tonopah at that time because he was the superintendent of the Tonopah-Goldfield Meat Market, which had a shop in Tonopah and also in Goldfield, I think. He's been a very good friend of mine throughout the years.

One time, there was a fellow whose name was Pennypacker. I think his father was a governor of Pennsylvania. Well, he was in this club, and he all of a sudden decided he wanted to leave. He hadn't paid up his bill, so we got out a fake suit from the Cabbage Patch against John Doe Pennypacker, and we had someone deliver this paper to him. And he was so scared to death he came across with the rest of that money like nobody's business.

At the Cabbage Patch, we had this nice, big, round table, and we had everything. There wasn't anything more we could ask for—she was a wonderful cook. I don't remember exactly what menu it was, but we had everything we wanted, everything we wanted. And then I might say that the fellows and their young friend would like to have a cocktail. Sometimes, some would be coming up pretty well, just feeling great. I never will for get two instances. There had been a fellow by the name of Fred Berry, who later became assistant district attorney in San Francisco. He was a Stanford man. One day he came down on Sunday, morose, something terrible under the weather, terrible, terrible. And we just kidded him to pieces. And all of a sudden, he slid under the table. Not very long after that, "Buzzy" Bush, this young friend of

mine during college, he'd been out and had a grand time and he came in, oh, just feeling like the dickens, you know, "the morning after." And Fred was across the table there, and he says to Fred, "Say, Fred, you remember that time that you spent out there in the ball park and sat on a great big rock to think things over when you were all lit up and everything like that?"

He says, "Yes."

Bush, in his condition, says, "Fred, where is that rock?"

He had two places that used to attract the boys. There was one called the Richview, which had a music room, a small music room. The attraction there was a young lady named Maudie, who had a beautiful voice and was a very pretty chick—girl. There was a large restaurant on the other side. Whenever she'd hear us coming in, why, she'd be sitting on top of the piano blinking at us, and then the evening of fun would start. We'd have a grand time, just have a wonderful time.

Also, sometimes, they had a variety show with a change of bill every week, just about. The feminine features were two sisters called the Desmond Sisters, and there was a great, big comedian known as Jim Diamond, and another Jew who was a great comedian.

We had a newspaperman who was a wonderful sketcher on the Tonopah Sun, a man named Arthur Buol, who later went to Sacramento with the Sacramento Bee, and he only died last year. Well, anyhow, we sat in the front row, and all of a sudden, this fellow Buol jumps right up on top of the stage and grabs one of these girls and hugged her to pieces. Nothing was done about it. And then one time, we were going down the Street, and just below (we hadn't gone very far), there was a two-wheel wagon with just the bottom, and the boys got the idea that they'd take it and run with it. And Fred Berry got on the

end of it. And all of a sudden they straddled a flagpole and hit it, and Fred and the wagon went right over up against the pole. He kept on going. And luckily, there was an Englishman right nearby who had a cabin, and we took Fred over and started to dig out the splinters. Didn't bother him any. He was gay as ever, that fellow. So that's the kind of things that used to punctuate the evenings. It wasn't dull, there was no doubt about that; it wasn't dull.

Then another time, this fellow who was a candidate for sheriff was down there at the Richview dining with a very, very nice young lady, a beautiful girl. So we decided to serenade him, and then after the serenade was over (it was rather late), all of us got out of the Richview and started to march up the main street abreast from one curb to the other, almost, pret' near, singing our blooming heads off. Of course, the young lady wasn't there, but we just sang all the way up the street, something unheard of. Now you wouldn't think of doing it. But that's the sort of shenanigans the fellows used to do, and every one of them had good positions. We made the most of everything.

The justice of the peace election came up. I had been there long enough by that time to be a candidate because the election was on November 4, 1908. And so I announced. I didn't know that I was bucking a political machine which consisted of a great big, terrific fellow who was named Judge Dennis. He was supposed to represent "Black" Wallace, who was a political boss of the Southern Pacific. And he and the Patsy Bowler I referred to before, and George Summerfield, who owned this big casino dance hall in Tonopah, called me down to Dennis' office. Whey said to me, "Now, Harry, we don't want you to run for justice of the peace. We want Bill Sawle." Bill Sawle had been defeated two years before. Bill Sawle was a picturesque fellow with a

ten-gallon black hat and sweeping black mustache. But the populace didn't think very well of him.

And I said, "Bill Sawle can't get elected. I know it." In two years, I had made a good lot of friends. I was single. And my young lady lived down there, too. "Anyhow, he can't get elected," as I said.

And he says, "Well, we'll give you five hundred dollars if you'll go for the assembly, and if you need more, why, we'll give it to you."

I said, "No." I had this idea I wanted to get married, and I wanted an income.

So the next day, Patsy called me up to his office and we went through the same dialogue, and finally he said, "Why don't you and Bill flip up?" I knew very well if I flipped I was going to lose.

In those days, it was a political job. I was a member of the Republican party at that time. And the election was nonpartisan. The Tonopah delegation would vote on desired nominees for justice of the peace and constable as the town officials, and these would be submitted to the county commission and they would adopt it. Of course, my name and Bill Sawle's were submitted to this county commission, and I won the nomination by one vote. And the funny part of it was that the deciding vote was that of a fellow named Charley Andrews, who was a fine fellow and who was employed in the big casino which was owned by this fellow, George Summerfield, who was one of the fellows who wanted me to stay out of that race.

So Bill Sawle came out on the Independent ticket. The same thing happened when the Democrat ran. A fellow named Watt Briggs won the Democratic nomination. And there was a big, lanky bill collector who came out and a fellow who was a hoisting engineer in one of the mines and couldn't walk very well. So there were six in the race.

Well, I had just made up my mind to get it, and I was in the change rooms in different mines at seven o'clock in the morning and eleven o'clock—seven in the evening and eleven, here, there, and all around, my pockets filled with Gato cigars, two for a quarter, good cigars. All through a period, it was about three weeks. And at night after I had gone to the restaurant, I went down to the big casino and danced. Paid the girl fifty cents—from fifty cents to twenty-five cents a go for the girls, and another twenty-five cents would be for drinks for the tourists. And then also, during the day at times, I'd make some of the saloons, or even at night here and there, in different towns all during this period.

Well, finally the day came. I went up early and cast my vote, went home and went to bed. Stayed in bed all the rest of the day. But I won. I won by a big majority, luckily, a very good majority. I had a lot of friends in Tonopah. That was a two-year term. That election was on November fourth, and I was married November twenty-eighth, 1908 to Katherine Jackson.

Her father, Colonel David H. Jackson, was one of the mining men of the old school. He was pretty well along in years then, but he had been superintendent at one time of the McNamara mine in Tonopah. He had also been superintendent of mines out in Hamilton in White Pine County, and also in Arizona, and had been up in Alaska. He was also superintendent of a mine up in Virginia City at the North Consolidated Virginia mine at the time when it was in its heyday. But he came down on account of the strike in Tonopah. He was one of those fellows, the old-style mining superintendent. His wife used to say, "Nuggets today and feathers tomorrow," or something like that—up and down with their living, but they made it. And, of course, he, at that time, had been connected

with the McNamara, and they bought a home down there, which you can still see. They were situated right next to the Episcopal church. And the contractor that built the church built this house, a stone house. So after the marriage, why, they kind of let me in and made me a part of the family. I quit the job at the Cabbage Patch.

Mrs. Jackson was a wonderful woman, wonderful woman and pretty. Mrs. Atkinson had two sisters. One was named Gail, whose husband, Robert Colton, owned a flour mill in Belfountain, Ohio, and also owned a bank. Another sister was Orrie, whose husband was a man by the name of Charles Bain, who was sales manager of Hills Brothers Coffee Company. They had a brother named Clyde Jackson, who had been up in Alaska and was in Arizona and was one of the shift bosses in one of the mines in Tonopah for the time. He was married to Blanch Farley. All those, Gail and Orrie and Clyde and Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, have all passed on. And Mrs. Atkinson, my girl, she died in '53.

Shortly after our marriage, we took the train and we stopped overnight at the Riverside here in Reno. Then we went down to San Francisco and stopped first at a hotel in Oakland because Mrs. Atkinson's sister, Orrie (Mrs. Dam), lived right out of Oakland. And they visited. We couldn't have stopped in San Francisco on account of the fire. The Palace Hotel was gutted; the St. Francis was gutted. There wasn't a decent downtown hotel. They had a hotel out of Fillmore, I remember. We stayed all the time in that period in Oakland.

A funny thing happened while I was there. I was in a barber shop and there was a fellow, I don't know, he might have been the barber. He was employed there somehow. His face looked familiar. And I said, "Don't I know you? Haven't we met before or knew each other before?"

He says, "Well, you oughta know."

Well, from the tone of voice, I knew something was important. I found out later that I had once fined him, or something like that, when I was justice of the peace. I fined him for something he had done. I forget what it was.

Then we came back to Tonopah. And in Tonopah, we had this fire. The volunteer fire department went down there, of course. We had this fire in the block across the street from the Mizpah Hotel. Burned the drugstore and the motion picture house, and also another building with a pool hall. Two of us went in the pool hall, carried out the pool table, and the top of the thing was in flames.

Water was a dollar a barrel in Tonopah before they brought it in from Spanish Springs. I'll tell you what. Our bath water would be used to flush the toilet.

As I told you, my father-in-law, Colonel Jackson, bought that house next to the church there. He paid for a private water line down there two blocks away and then also paid for a sewer line a block away. That house, I think, was probably the only house in the neighborhood that had water in the house and also a sewer in the house. And I had my problems in the wintertime digging for frozen water pipes. It was tough. Ho way to keep them warm. You couldn't. You just simply had to thaw them out. But we managed to do it anyhow.

When we got back from our wedding trip, we moved into this stone house. That was my wife's father's house. Mr. Jackson was away. He was away most of the time, mining. He had gone into mining camps where Mrs. Jackson didn't go. And that's why he got this house in Tonopah. I think he was one of the original owners of the McNamara mine.

I was elected justice of the peace on November the fourth and was married on

November twenty-eighth. Of course, I was married in that house there right next to the church by an Episcopal minister. At that wedding was Mr. Perry, part of our club, and Mrs. Kate Raycraft, and Newt Fassett, who was a young man related to the Crockers in San Francisco; he married one of the Crockers, the ones of the St. Francis Hotel. Newt Fassett and Matt Perry who played the violin so well were the witnesses.

I was justice of the peace and reelected. And then, in 1916, I decided I wanted to be district attorney down there, and I ran against a fellow by the name of Harry Dunseath. At that time, they had a Socialist party down there, and the Republicans and Democrats combined their candidate. It was only a two-year job, just like the justice of the peace, so I had two terms down in Tonopah as justice of the peace, and then I had two terms as district attorney in Tonopah.

I had two or three very interesting cases as district attorney, one of which I think you would be very much interested in. A fellow named Mike Fagan was charged with causing the burning of two haystacks in a place not far from Round Mountain. The thing to do was to try and get evidence. Someone told me, "You get a half-breed Indian by the name of Jimmy Darrough." So I got Jimmy, and the sheriff pretty soon picked up Mike Fagan.

I said to Jimmy, I said, "How did you get the dope on it?"

"Well," he says, "I went around that haystack there and I picked up the tracks of a fellow, and I traced them back to a cabin. And then I went back again and traced another all the way to a cabin." And he says, "He changed his shoes." I said, "How'd you know?" He said, "Hell, he had iron-heeled shoes up to the time he sat on a sagebrush, then he put on some hobnail shoes." That's all he knew. A man by the name of John

Chandler, one of the owners of the Round Mountain Mining Company, sent me a couple of men. There was a hole, or a shaft, an abandoned shaft not very far from this man's house. So these two men went down into the shaft. It was filled with old bits of stuff and all kinds of old furniture and everything else, and they came up with two iron-heeled shoes, all fresh. And they had these old-fashioned laces, blue hamstrings, like you used to tie up hams and things of that kind. And they fit this fellow! We got, also, the two hobnail shoes that fit this fellow.

At the trial, this little Jimmy Darrough told them all about how he was snooping around and sees these tracks and took to a hill, and he went around the hill and picked them up later on and followed them down and around and up. And next, he told them about how someone sat on the sagebrush and changed his shoes, and how we found the shoes. I also want to say we proved that a woman, a clerk in a store uptown, allowed this fellow to get these hamstrings which he had used to put in these shoes.

The jury was only out thirty minutes. And the foreman, who was the superintendent of the Belmont mill, said to me, "I never thought that I would bring a verdict on evidence unless it was absolute admission, confession, or something like that." So this fellow, Mike Fagan, went to jail.

Sometime afterward, we got the word from the constable in Round Mountain that a man had gone into town and someone had come on by him and shot him in the back of the head. We brought the man out and put him on a slab in the hall and proceeded to dig out the brain there. We got some shot to show that the shot was from the shell of a twenty-gauge shotgun. There was nobody in Tonopah that had a gun like that, and only one fellow, I think, in Winnemucca.

This fellow, Jimmy Darrough, I put him on the trail, and he goes and traces his footsteps from the town back to that man's house and back again. And he went back and he says, "That fellow changes. He was wearing rubbers and he took off the rubbers." So the deputy sheriff looked on one side and I on the other, on each side. And I picked up one rubber in a gopher hole and he picked up another one. And in his mad desire to obliterate any possible way of recognition, this fellow tore the rubbers to make it appear as if they were old. But unfortunately, in tearing the rubber, he left completely brand new fiber, brand new fiber, so it had just been recently torn. And the marks on the bottom of the rubbers had the imprints of the hobnails because the things had been half-soled, the shoe had been half-soled, and the sole had been further back than the ordinary sole. And these back spots, these nails in the shoe hit these back spots that were on the foot of that rubber. So he was taken into town and arrested.

We had a trial, and there were eleven men and one woman [on the jury]. The eleven men were for murder in the first degree, but this woman held out, so we finally got a conviction of murder in the second degree. And he was convicted. The jury was out, oh, not very, very long. And the funny part of it is— here is the terrific thing—the man who did that shooting, killed that man, was one of the two men that went down that shaft and got those iron-heeled shoes in the previous case. And the man afterwards died in a prison. That was interesting.

The same Jimmy Darrough tracked another fellow one time, and as I remember, he tracked him for twenty miles. He is one of the Darroughs that owned Darrough's Hot Springs. His father married a squaw. And he was one of the best witnesses in the world. He'd just answer your questions.



I was going to tell about another experience I had when I was justice of the peace. This time, there was a colored boy who was a janitor down at this big casino that was a dance hall. And he had beaten up his girl, a colored girl. They just lived together. He slit her hand. I gave him six months, which was the most I could give him for misdemeanors at that time.

The next day I was going down to the depot to put mail on the train, because the custom at that time was to get it off that morning. And right in front of the big casino, there was a fine-looking young bartender standing out in front. And he knew about these circumstances. He knew about this boy working in the same place, and the girl, too. He said, "Judge, you certainly taught that shine the sanitarium lesson." (He was referring to the colored fellow as a "shine.") "You certainly taught that shine a sanitarium lesson."

In Tonopah, there were a few Negroes and Chinese. I remember there was a fellow in the old town by the name of Charlie Chong. I can hear him calling me now. "Good morning, Judge." He was a nice young Chinaman. The Chinese had shops down there. They had sort of a small Chinatown. They had shops, food shops, and a lottery, of course; they had the little mercantile shops and they'd just sell a bunch of tickets, you know. This Charlie Chong was one of them. The Chinese were respected, thoroughly respected like a white man. Oh, absolutely! The Negroes were also respected.

By the way, there was a fellow named John Sextent who was an old Negro who had been a servant for Senator [Leland] Stanford on his car, private car. Of course, Tonopah attracted all those fellows. He was down there, and I was justice of the peace at that time. Somehow or other I got acquainted with him. He was a nice

fellow. And my son Bob took quite a liking to him, and he took quite a liking to Bob. And he'd take Bob out for a walk. I've got a picture of the two of them going down the hill from our house, hand in hand. Bob was crazy about him, and he really liked Bob.

One day, I got a telephone call and the man said, "Mr. Judge, this is Tony." I've forgotten his last name. He says, "I want to get married this afternoon. My girl, she gone up home. She going to get some clothes, and pretty soon she come back and then I'll call you."

So I says, "All right, Tony." I said, "Call me in an hour or so."

So he called me and he said, "Mr. Judge, my girl no come back yet, but I think she come back pretty soon now." And so then I fixed the thing about four-thirty. So about four-thirty, Tony called up and said, "Mr. Judge, that damned girl no come back yet, but never mind. Pretty soon I get another one."

I remember one time a woman came into my office. She was a great big thing, great big thing! She came in to complain about her husband beating her to pieces. We had him arrested and brought up. He wasn't five foot tall, and she was a tremendous person. It was just a joke. It reminded me of a little cockney story:

It's a great big shame and if she  
belonged to me,  
I'd let her know who-o-o-o,  
And there's another fellow what is six  
foot three,  
And her but four feet two.  
Well, they hadn't been married nor a  
month nor more  
When underneath her thumb goes  
Jim.  
Isn't it a pity that the likes of her  
Should pick on the likes of him!!

That's just about the relative heights of the man and woman.

The general type of people down there, the miners, were mostly from you might call the Balkans in Europe—and Slavs, the Slavonians, and Bulgarians, and there was quite a domestic crowd. Of course, the Finns were there. Finns were great drinkers, by gosh. They'd just fall in a heap. They'd just drink until they were all in. Of course, the night before a marriage ceremony, it was an occasion for a great ceremony, dinner and a jollification meeting for these people. But they were a sturdy lot, reliable. And then they had some "Cousin Jacks." They're a British type. And then some Italians. There was a family named Guisti. The little boy is here in Reno now. And this man, John Guisti, had a grocery store, and he was a character, a typical old-fashioned Italian, talking that wonderful Italian brogue. He had a little grocery store and stone cabins, so to speak, on Main Street. I knew him quite well. I used to hear him talk with a Chinaman by the name of Charlie Chong. He had some kind of Chinese establishment in a little Chinese quarter down there. He'd always say, "Good morning, Judge," in a deep voice. He was quite a friendly man.

When I was justice of the peace, it was a very respectable job. And being a lawyer, I had this building there across the street from the Mizpah, where I had a room on the second floor. It got me away from the street, because previously, the justice court would be sort of a hangout on Main Street. I intended to get it off the street. So I had a nice large room in the corner there, and a room next to it for my private office. Well, I had a nice table and benches there for the jury to sit on. It worked very nice—good jury trials there. There were quite a number of jury trials in that room.

The fire at the Belmont mine happened when I was justice of the peace. I think it was 1911 or '12. It occurred after the men went off

shift at eleven o'clock, because when the men went on at seven it hadn't burned sufficiently to cause any apprehension when they went down. It wasn't long after they got there, though, the smoke then began to become very evident, and it went on through, you see, because the different mines were connected by underground workings. And this Belmont was connected with the Montana-Tonopah and I think also possibly with another. I forgot the name.

So the men began to go out and go up through other shafts the best way they could. There was one man that was found at the bottom of the main shaft. He tried to get out and avoid the smoke and got down. He thought the smoke would go up and wouldn't catch him, but he was suffocated, too. As the last bunch was taken up, one of the men fainted, slumped to the bottom of the cage. And he got his head between the cage and the two-by-fours, or the four-by-fours, about which the planks were nailed that was against the rock back going up these joints. They were nailed up against this, the main structure, and this man's head or arm, or something like that, was caught between the bottom of the cage and one of these crosspieces, and the cage stopped. And the cage engineer dropped the cage down a little bit and then gave it full power, as a result of which the man was pitched off the cage and fell to the bottom. That was one of the terrible things there.

There was a fellow there. His name—I forget his name now. He was a track man, and he knew the mine pretty well, and he was very husky, and he led out quite a number of the men. And there was also a man named Edgar Collins, an Englishman, who was the superintendent of the Montana-Tonopah, and he came over, and he was a big help in getting the men out. But, at that, there was about nine or ten more suffocated, one of which was a

man by the name of David, who was the father of LeRoy David, who had an auto court down in Tonopah. It's a funny thing. I never talked to him about it, but I know this was quite so. I handled the inquests. I held them up in the judge's chambers in the courthouse. And the feeling was so tremendously high that I had to be very careful. And luckily, the day that they had the funeral, they had a terrible snowstorm, and I think that saved the day from violence.

So in order to quiet the thing down, why, I had a bundle of witnesses. In order to pass the time and quiet the thing down, I would ask the witness all kinds of evidence about his age, and where he came from, and what experience he'd had in mining, and this, that, and the other thing, the idea being to qualify as a witness in this case as to what he thought about the fire and the cause of it, and so forth and so on. That took a couple of days, and the whole thing took a week. There were thousands and thousands of pages of transcript.

And I picked the jury myself, which I had a right to do, and I picked businessmen and men that I knew had cool heads and would make [a] fair judgment from their experience in mining camps and from their business experience and family experience, and all that, very dependable persons. And they brought a verdict that the death of these men was due to the inexperience of the officials, and so forth, in the mine fire. So that sort of cooled the thing off, because it wasn't inefficiency, it was just lack of men to cope with the situation because they hadn't had any experience to know how to handle it. That's the way it ended, but the Belmont mine people settled with the families.

Philadelphia people owned the Belmont at that time, the same people, principally, that owned the Tonopah Mining Company. That's the way the Philadelphia people got into Tonopah. They bought the Tonopah

Mining, the Mizpah, and other claims from Jim Butler and organized the Tonopah Mining Company, of which Tasker Oddie, who afterwards became senator, was manager. He was a district attorney down there. At that time, the county seat of Nye County was Belmont. It wasn't until after Tonopah came into being that it was moved to Tonopah.

Then Tasker Oddie assumed the managership because he became an owner of a half-interest of Jim Butlers s interest because he furnished the money for the assays of the first samples that Jim Butler got out of the property from which they found that the property was of such value.

Of course, I became very, very friendly with Tasker. I was one of the workers in getting him elected governor. I worked in the state along with Malcolm Macdonald and S. H. Brady, who was superintendent of the West End, and Gene Howell, who was cashier of Tonopah Bank, Incorporated. We supplied Oddie with money from time to time, and we became very, very friendly with him, naturally.

At that time, Belmont was the county seat of Nye County, But when Tonopah was discovered and the influx of people came, why, then, the big center of operation was Tonopah. They got a ruling of the legislature moving the county seat from Belmont to Tonopah. That's when they built that structure [the county courthouse] on top of the hill in Tonopah. They had their sites razed for all public buildings—that is, the courthouse and the school. The courthouse was on the east side of town and the school on the southeast. Now they're building a new school. I don't know what happened to the old buildings. Maybe they were burned down. That's generally what happens to those things.

I was reelected to the justice of the peace position once, and then I was out from '12 to



'16. I then ran for district attorney and was district attorney from 1917 to 1921. I think I ran for district attorney two years before that but was defeated by Judge (J. A.) Sanders. He was a southerner and a smart devil. You couldn't help but laugh at him. He was a comedian. He was quite a heavy drinker, quite a happy drinker. He was a wonderful jury lawyer. Oh, gosh, he was wonderful!

In 1917, '18, '19, and '20, I was district attorney. In campaigning for district attorney, we had to tour that whole county. It was terrific. I toured with a fellow who was the treasurer. He was a fine fellow. We went around in his Dodge. And then, when we got way down to Johnnie, a place down there, we got caught in a terrific storm, he and I and a fellow named Tom Lindsay, who was running for commissioner. (He had a hay and feed business and he was a principal for a long time. He's got a nephew here in town.) It rained and rained and rained. And there was a fellow who had been in Alaska and he'd just reel off all those Robert Service stories of Alaska sourdoughs, reel them off one after another, one after another. We had quite an evening there.

Then we went to Manhattan; then we had to go to Reese River. To go to Reese River, we had to go by way of Austin, and on that trip we took a three-piece orchestra with us for a dance. We got into Austin all right. The band started playing on the streets there. It was early, and you could see the people corning out from their houses on the hill on each side of the gulch, just like a bunch of ants coming out of there.

So we went out to Reese River and saw Lou Gordon who was born there, and he's the one that organized the Round Mountain Mining Company, a brilliant fellow—he could recite stuff. He went to Annapolis. He was befriended by someone by the name of Colonel Gordon. Gordon wasn't his real

name; it was his adopted name. I think he was only at Annapolis about two years, but he was a brilliant fellow. He discovered a mine in California and made a bucket of money out of it. (He's the one that got the man to go down that hole to hunt for the shoes for that fellow, the iron-heeled shoes. He was the one that sent those men out.)

My offices as district attorney were in the corner of the second floor of this brick building, the courthouse. While I was in that office, there were some labor troubles.

I had the IWWs arrested for violation of some kind of an act, and I had to have the leaders arrested. I'll tell you about that, how it started. One Sunday, all of a sudden a couple of fellows that were leaders of the IWW come in here and they called a rough meeting and they called a strike. I got out there the next day and told them they had no right to do it. They had no right to do it, but they just laughed me off. I got wind that they were sending out stickers around the western area that there was a strike on at Tonopah. I got wind of it, and I got a search warrant and went down to the post office and confiscated the stickers so they didn't get mailed out.

And then, later on, I got to know they used to have meetings, and they had Governor Boyle down there. He addressed them one Sunday, to no effect. Finally, one fellow who was an engineer came to me and he said, "We're getting tired of this strike. How can we stop it?" I told him to nominate somebody else that was popular, and nominate him as chairman, and after they get organized to move that the strike be called off. And it went through, by gosh it went through. And I called the strike off. Of course, I got threatening letters. As I said, that's the way it started, and that's the way it ended. I used to go there and attend the meetings. Then it was a pastime for everybody on Sunday afternoons in the ball park.



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## POLITICIANS, PEOPLE, AND MISCELLANEOUS REMINISCENCES OF TONOPAH AND GOLDFIELD

Before I tell you about my friend, Oddie, I'll review a little Tonopah background with you. As I have said, I gravitated to Tonopah just when some other old timers in other parts of the state came down there, right after Jim Butler discovered that outcropping. This fellow named Wils Brougher, who had been around the Carson City area, came down, and Oddie, who was by that time in with Jim Butler. And Butler himself gave Brougher something for something that he did. They had to divvy up with him for something. Maybe it was for some half-interest in claims, I think. That's the way they dealt with claims. Just think of Butler giving Oddie a half-interest in the claim just to get the note for the assays done! And, of course, Oddie was still managing the claim when the people from Philadelphia bought it.

I worked for Governor Oddie in that first campaign. There were three of us: Harry Burr, Mark Bradshaw, and I. I wrote articles for the front page, about four inches on the front page, quite regularly. I gave the characteristics of Oddie and what he had done. One of the things

that he had done was to increase the wages of the miners so that more was paid to his men than was paid around the state, by golly! Of course, that was a grand boost for him in the campaign, but he was a clean fellow, absolutely clean! He was sent out here by a fellow named Stokes from New York who was a very wealthy man who had mining interests in Austin (the one they named Stokes castle after).

Oddie decided to run for governor on account of his friends, I presume. He knew all the old timers. And he was so darn fair, and, of course, he was the manager of the mine there in Tonopah, of the Tonopah Mining Company. Of course, he was acting for Jim Butler. We'd go around the state, and we furnished money for Oddie and his car. He had what he called a Thomas Flyer, one of those chain-drive cars. We used to go into someplace where we took an orchestra. Couldn't get enough crowd unless we had an orchestra. We had a three-niece orchestra. As I say, we'd go around the place there and sing, "Has anybody here seen Oddie, O-d-d-i-e," which was a good campaign slogan.

[Singing] Has anybody here seen Oddie? O-d-d-i-e.

Has anybody here seen Oddie, O-d-[click]-die with' his winning smile?

For he had brown hair and his eyes are blue.

He'll be a winner through and through.

Has anybody here seen Oddie, Oddie with his winning smile?

We'd go to dances and we'd sing that tune.

And he was elected. He served two terms as governor, so that's how he got started.

Then, of course, when he went for the senate, we managed things for him then, too. We went right after him, too. Of course, that's why we were such good, close personal friends, and that kept us very, very close together. Then he married a very, very nice woman. His first marriage was very unfortunate. His wife didn't measure up. She wasn't—just between us, she wasn't, apparently, of very, very good character, and so he got a divorce from her, I think. Then he married Daisy Randall. She was a very, very fine woman, and she was a very good friend. She was an Eastern girl, very, very nice person. I wish I could get the picture of this dinner we had. The dinner was given for Oddie. I can see my wife there; she was very good looking. She died in '53, very good looking. There was a fellow named Bill Hunter, who was a University of California graduate and a very good friend of ours, and his wife was there. Also, there was Oddie, Cleve Baker and his wife, both Democrats. His wife was the daughter of Senator George C. Perkins of California. A fellow named—I think it was Arthur Perry who found us an orchestra that belonged to the Cabbage Patch. And Bill Hunter's wife was a marvelous pianist. So we had a good evening that night. We raised money for a political campaign by just asking fellows for money. There was

Malcolm Macdonald, a wealthy mining man who made his money down in Greenwater after he came to Tonopah. Supposed to have made three or four million according, I think, to that story. He used to go around in kilts when he was electioneering. Then he'd put on his kilts and a little Scotch cap and went into the bars. I remember especially—right before election when Oddie ran for governor, I remember then going around to the various saloons. I didn't go because I was justice of the peace and registrar of voters, so I held fort in that room I had up in the corner. It was one of the corner rooms in the State Bank and Trust Company building. Then Malcolm Macdonald would go around. I told you about that fire we had. Malcolm had those bills, currency of four- or five-dollar bills in a string. He went by after this big fire into this bar, and he had this string of five-dollar bills pieced together, and he'd buy a drink and take out a pair of scissors and cut off a five-dollar bill and hand it to the bartender. I think he went East after he left Tonopah.

There were little donations, too, in the Oddie campaign. Gene Howell was cashier of the Tonopah Banking Corporation, and he helped him out, sponsored Oddie a lot. And Grant Crumley had this Cobweb Bar. Tie was a gambler, tried to do a little of that. But I don't remember—he probably contributed, too. Then Oddie had friends in the East who sent him money, including Stokes.

It didn't cost nearly as much to put on the governor's campaign then as it does now. I think you could order a drink for a quarter or something like that in those days. That was much cheaper than they are now. No matter how much money Oddie had, he was always broke because he couldn't say no when he had money. There was a great slogan about him because he couldn't say no: "If he had been a girl, it would have been just too bad!"

I don't remember much about the Pittman-Nixon race for the U. S. Senate in 1910. I was busy taking care of my own campaign that year and managing Oddie's campaign for governor. There was Mark Bradshaw, and I, and Harry Greer, who had much to do with Oddie's campaign. We had a lot to do with that campaign.

You see, there was the Silver party [1892-1906]. It shifted the Republican party around because it took a lot of their members. It was the party which William Jennings Bryan led. The Silver party took a lot of votes because they were going to demonetize silver, and William Jennings Bryan was the one that championed the cause. I'll never forget, at the Democratic convention, he made a wonderful speech. He said, "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor a crown of thorns" nor "crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." Some kind of a speech like that at the convention got him the nomination. That started him out as an actual character. "No crown of thorns, no cross of gold," that was the Democratic slogan.

I remember, too, during the depression, when Jacob Coxey's army was organized in California and just marched to Washington. And they said, "We're coming to Washington, 50,000 strong." And they did.

Nevada was the Silver state, and that's what shot the Republicans. Before then, they were in power. Then the depression and the organization of this Silver party (of which Bryan was the head and naturally in the election for President), that shot the Republican party and enabled the Democrats to get in. Of course, this was a great help to Nixon to beat Pittman. He (Nixon) was a Silverite.

I knew Newlands very slightly. I have a perfect picture of him. And here's something that was interesting. Sam Platt ran against Newlands. And Sam Platt might have beaten

him at that time. But down there in Carson, he got up—when he was in his final political speech, he depicted the dire consequences or the results of the program of the Democratic party. And he would shout it out (Carson was largely Democratic). He shouted out, "And how do you like that, you Democrats? And how do you like that, you Democrats?" Well, that just cost him his election. That's what they tell me was the immediate cause, citing these defects or defaults in the Democratic party and shouting them right back into their faces, into the audience down there, the Democrats. "How do you like that, you Democrats? How do you like that, you Democrats?" That's what it cost him. Worst politics in the world.

E. E. Roberts was also Republican, he was a politician of the greatest order. He was mayor of Reno for quite a while.

Key Pittman was one of my very closest friends. When we were in Washington, we stopped at the Mayflower Hotel and we were having supper there, and Key was there. His wife wasn't there. But of course, they lived just outside of Washington. He was going the next day or so to China, and Mimosa, his wife, was going with him. "We're going to China. I've got to pay her expenses," he said. And he told us that he was complaining to her and said, "I've got to pay your expenses. The government can't pay your expenses.

And she said, "Isn't it worth it to sleep with me?"

Now, I was thinking about how I've got a picture taken by Mrs. Key Pittman, taken at a night of lightning when they were in Tonopah. It's taken looking at Mt. Oddie, a big flash. And it's so bright that two or three of the cabins are showing. I have it. It was taken by Mrs. Pittman; she gave it to me. It was taken at midnight. As I say, it was so bright (the lightning) that two or three of the cabins are lighted up a little bit. She used her

camera quite a good deal. I know she took it because she gave it to me shortly after the thing happened. We were very good friends. As I said, Oddie and I were very, very close, also. He sent me this invitation to attend the inauguration of Herbert Hoover; it's an old thing, just exactly as it was given to me. by Oddie. We had another invitation and we went in on the other invitation and kept this. We went back and we were the quests of the Oddies at their home.

You know, they inaugurate the Vice President first, before the President. They do that because if anything happens to the President, why, the Vice President would already be qualified to succeed him. And he is inaugurated in the presence of the joint assembly of the House of Representatives and the Senate. I was there: I saw it.

In one election campaign, a fellow got up and criticized Hoover, and I said he was a liar and he couldn't prove his charges. He got me up on the stage. It was Dudley P. Malone, this fellow that said that he was Democratic prior to this campaign, prior to Hoover's election, and stood well and high in the Democratic party. At that time, he was collector of the Port of New York. Then he was campaigning for the Democratic nominee at that time, he stopped in Tonopah and made that statement. And I got up and said he was a liar. I got up on the stage and talked to him about it. By golly, I got a telegram from him, apologizing. And I wrote to Hoover about it and got a very nice letter from him on it, also.

Going back to the practice of law, I'd like to tell you about the Bar Association in Tonopah and Goldfield and some of its members. It was a pretty good bar. It was a very good bar. I was a member of the Bar Association when I was in Tonopah. I came up here to Reno to attend some of the meetings of the Bar Association. Hugh Henry Brown

in Tonopah was a member of the bar and afterwards became president of the bar, very active in the American Bar Association. He used to go back there and attend almost every annual meeting. And he used to come back with stories told by a very famous member of the bar called "Private" John Allen, and he was quite a wag.

And one of the stories he told, Hugh told, was about John Adams, the historian, and what he said. "I was out one night with the boys. I got in rather late, and when I opened the door of my room, I made a little bit of a noise, and I heard a voice say, 'Is that you, Fido?' She was sleeping and she had her arm on the side of the bed."

And he said, "I had the privilege of crawling on my hands and knees to go up and lick her hand."

That's what "Private" John Allen told Mr. Brown at the Bar Association . . . wherever it was. He'd go almost every year, he'd go. He was well known there.

Hugh Brown, as I said, was a very, very fine fellow, a very fine fellow. I first met him when I was in college. He belonged to Delta Tau Delta (at Stanford) and practiced law in San Francisco. This man named Metson was a brilliant lawyer. He belonged to the famous firm in San Francisco, Reddy-Cambell Metson. They were a very famous western firm, started from Virginia City. Pat Reddy was the senior member who had an arm shot off at one time. When the strike was made in Tonopah, that law firm went to Tonopah, and Metson took Hugh Brown with him. It was called Campbell, Metson, and Brown down there. I remember meeting Hugh and his bride, Marjorie, who is now living in San Francisco, still on Pacific Avenue.... I used to write to her for some time past. Hugh held the fort in Tonopah for the law firm, and then Walter Rowson came in later. Walter later



came up to Reno and settled, and his daughter married a young local fellow.

Later, Hugh Brown came to Reno, in fact, before Rowson did, and then Walter Rowson held the fort down in Tonopah. Hugh eventually went back to San Francisco and practiced down there. He was in the building there on the corner of Montgomery and Bush, or something like that.

He ran for attorney general while in Nevada. He ran for the nomination against George Springmeyer, and he was a much more superior man than George Springmeyer, had a much superior mentality and character and all that. Brown ran against Springmeyer in the primary, and then Springmeyer defeated him and ran against Cleve Baker. Baker defeated Springmeyer in the general election.

Springmeyer went after Hugh like nobody's business on account of his being a corporation lawyer for the railroads. He was rather vicious in his campaign, George Springmeyer was. I knew Springmeyer in college. He was in college when I was, in law school. He was sort of a flighty kind of a fellow. I remember he was a mean devil, too, and when he'd fight, he'd paw like a tiger. And when he went after somebody, that's the way he fought, overhand swinging, just like that. I wonder if he could do it again?

I broke away from the Republican party organization in Tonopah—I ignored them! Even if you were district judge or justice of the peace at that time, you belonged to either the Democratic or Republican party. Of course, I affiliated myself with the Republican party when I was in college, although I came from Utah.

There was a judge by the name of Judge Frank M. Angellotti, who was a candidate for judge in California. And, by gosh, I registered down there at Stanford and voted in that election for Judge Angellotti. And I must

have been just about over age. I was really a citizen of Utah, but I registered and voted for Angellotti in that election. It might have been when I was taking the postgraduate work in 1905, November, 1905, about. I remember that. Never met the man, but I took a shine to him for some reason or other. Got a letter from him or something and registered and voted for him.

One of my memories about Tonopah not regarding politics is of the influenza epidemic of World War I. I think it had a sort of a celestial kind of a name (Spanish influenza, la gripe). It wasn't called Asiatic flu, but it was a foreign disease. It was prevalent everywhere. And then, of course, it was right at the end of the war. Things were all shot. Sanitary conditions were terrible, and it was terrific. I took my mask off as soon as I left Tonopah. I didn't wear it any more. The funniest thing, some of these fellows down there in Tonopah wearing masks were the dirtiest things you ever saw in your life, just awful. Talk about a disease beater in itself, nothing could surpass that!

It wasn't the same as the Black Death epidemic Tonopah also had. The Black Death was the result of the miners' lease on Mt. Oddie. They had leased the claims of Butler, among others, -Which he had sold to the Tonopah Mining. But Tonopah Mining was not to take possession until this first day of December, or something like that. And the miners would have made a pile of money on the leases. They had about thirty or sixty days' notice, and during that period, they left no energy unturned to get out all the ore they possibly could because it was high grade rich ore. And everything they got out, Thy, they had a certain place where they would put it and it would be there. And the first two or three days after the lease was up and they were off the ground, they proceeded to

celebrate. The celebration lasted for two or three days. Those saloons, you see, were hot, and there were no heating facilities down there, hardly at all. And when they all went back to their cabins, they all caught colds, and the colds went immediately into lung trouble, silicosis, and that was what killed them, and it was called the "Black Death." That was it. That was the cause of it. It wasn't any disease with a virus or anything like that. It was just their lungs, they got congested and they took a terrific cold, no heat or anything like that, and they were very perspiry. And they just took this plague. It was really a serious, fatal cold; that's all it was, and they died of it. Of course, that was before I got there. and it was simply terrible.

When Goldfield boomed, it was just a small mining camp. It started after Tonopah started. The strike in Tonopah brought miners into town, and then Goldfield was discovered. But that didn't get hot until a couple of years after that. And then by 1906, when I got there, why, the thing blew off, so to speak, just about two months after, about a month or so after I got there, when they made this big discovery on the Mohawk. That's what drew the people in from all over the country to Goldfield.

At that time, I was attorney for the Western Union in Tonopah, and the district superintendent of Western Union had his headquarters in San Francisco. His name was A. H. May. He told me that the business through their Goldfield office at that time was of greater volume and value than their business in San Francisco. I can readily understand that being true because it was wild. It was simply wild! That's all there was to it.

There was a lot of stock speculation. At that time, companies were organized and got on the stock exchange and their stock would just go right up and up. They even had a stock

exchange in Tonopah and one in Goldfield, as well as the one in San Francisco. I went over to see the stock exchange. I remember the building. We had a building in Tonopah called the Exchange building. Tonopah had a population of about 10,000 people, I guess—8,000 or 10,000—and they checked the market daily.

Among other prominent lawyers in Tonopah were H. P. Cooke, who came afterwards here to Reno, and also P. M. Bowler. They were both very, very prominent lawyers down there. Cooke's firm there was McIntosh and Cooke. P. M. Bowler had his firm, and George Thatcher was there, and George Bartlett, who afterwards became congressman. And he was afterwards up here, and they had a firm of Bartlett and Thatcher. And a fellow from Los Angeles was in with them, but the firm was called Bartlett and Thatcher.

They didn't have any Guard units in Tonopah during the first World War. The only time there were any units near the area was when those soldiers were sent to Goldfield by Teddy Roosevelt at the request of Governor Sparks because of the IWW strike there. The troops went in there, and they were under a colonel. And then later on, probably about ten days afterwards, General [Frederick] Funston, who had figured in the Philippines war, came to Goldfield and took them out on the order of President Roosevelt. The reason for the troops was that George Wingfield asked that those troops be brought in to break the mine strike. He was a big owner of the Goldfield Consolidated, he and Senator Nixon. He was the manager. In those days, prior to his becoming powerful, why, the mines were very, very rich, and these miners would just pick up a sample and put it in their pockets. They afterwards had belts around themselves. The company lost a lot of



money, a bundle of money. So they decided then to have the fellows take off their street clothes and just change them and put on their miner's clothes. And then when they came out of the mine, they had to go right straight to the change room and take off their miner's clothes and put on their street clothes and take a bath, you see. That was to prevent them from taking any of the ore out of the mine, which they probably did take in the first instance and put it in their pockets of their mining clothes.

Well, that thing stopped when they had to change their clothes, and that was one of the things that they resented, naturally, because they got darn good prices from the assayers for the gold they took. The assayers made a bundle of money out of it, too, because they paid the fellows for the ore, but they didn't pay them nearly what it was worth. They both made a good chunk of money. To stop that, Wingfield adopted this change room system. And when they started striking, Wingfield asked that the troops be called in to restore order. Mr. Wingfield had enough political power at that time to go to Governor Sparks and say, "I want you to call in the troops."

Principally, George Wingfield started there in the Tonopah-Goldfield area. He came to Tonopah, I think, first. He had been a gambler and he had this woman called Mae Wingfield. As I told you when I first made an office and got an office combination in the Nyco building, a fellow named Alfred Needles was in there who was an attorney for Mae Wingfield. He was a brilliant fellow, but he was a devil. He used to tell me what he was going to do to Wingfield and laugh, just laugh. When Wingfield married Miss Murdock, his first wife, Mae Wingfield did not press charges against him or anything. They apparently fixed it up, and she probably got a pretty good chunk. Mae lives in California now.

Contrary to rumor, George Wingfield did not build The Mizpah Hotel. A fellow named Bob Gavin owned The Mizpah Hotel. He was a character, too, Bob Gavin, a big heavy fellow, and a gambler. It was well run. As a matter of fact, I don't think there were ever any scandals about the Mizpah Hotel. I don't think there ever was. It had a dandy white lobby, cushion chairs and reclining chairs looking out east. The whole thing was just heavy plate glass windows—a glassed-in room, a lobby, later turned into a gambling room. But in the early days, it was just a nice reception room. Bob Gavin had it. I knew Bullkon Josie, who had one of the houses of prostitution. I knew her real well. Bullkon Josie, she was a regular entertainer, all right. She was just one of the boys, no doubt about that. She had a pretty good class of girls, a pretty good class of girls. Of course, it was a place of prostitution. La Chiquita [parlor house], I don't remember so well. Now, this (owner of La Chiquita) was quite a shocker, too. She was a well-educated woman from Boston who left and later went to Long Beach and became a part of the social world.

They were nice houses, but they weren't fancy, but you might say nice residence houses. They were not shacks. They were nice residence houses. The women were not a part of the community, but they were a pretty good class of girls. There was no trouble at all with those houses. The women just had what you call cribs, just one-room things, and they'd stand in the doorways at night and beckon to the fellows to come in. "Come in, come in, come in." But they were real prostitutes. Just a one-room [house of] prostitution, you might say.

Getting back to politics, everyone was so intensely interested that they didn't need much urging to get out to vote. It was common for either party to buy votes, but there wasn't

such a big underground as there is today. And, of course, I was Republican, and Tonopah was largely Democratic. Ed Malley was constable and a Democrat, and a fellow named Jack Owens was a Democrat; and a sheriff, [Frank P.] Mannix, was a Democrat. Buddy Grimes was recorder and a Democrat. Bob Poole was a county clerk, and he was a Republican. And at that time, O'Brien was a Democrat and was district judge. He followed a fellow who was judge when Nye and Esmeralda County were in the same district. I forgot his name. But that was the lineup. Most of them were Democrats. Bob Poole and I were the only Republicans elected at that time.

Ed Malley was in office, and he was down around Beatty, and in getting his gun out or something, it went off, and that's how his arm was shot off. I remember that very definitely. I have a picture of myself and Ed Malley and a fellow named [William T.] Cutty, who was county commissioner, and a fellow named Bob Christian, who was a mine foreman up in the West End, fine fellow, a prince. We were all standing, and Vail Pittman (whose brother was Key Pittman) was there. We were standing in front of Cutty's grocery store, right back of the building on the corner, which, when I was Master of the Tonopah lodge, we bought from the Nye County Bank people who had a bank there that failed. We bought the building and raised the roof about seven or eight feet. We had a contractor by the name of Bob somebody who was a stonemason, and he raised the thing up. And I remember we issued bonds payable, maturing in a certain length of time, growing so much [in] interest, that were paid off. They weren't paid off in the exact length of time, but then they were paid off. Of course, we got good rents then. Goodness sakes alive, we were getting high rents! We had a drugstore, and there was a stationery

store on the corner. [William T.] Cutty and Wenzel J. Stock, Jr. had a grocery store, and the Bank Saloon, and Walter Drysdale.

Walter Drysdale was a picturesque character. He walked snappy and dressed in pure gambler's fashion, in silk shirts. He had a marvelous disposition. It could be raining cats and dogs outside and he would say, "Beautiful day, isn't it? Beautiful day." He was that temperament—nice fellow, very nice.

There were three banks in Tonopah. There was the Nye and Ormsby County Bank which was operated by men from Carson City. Then there was the State Bank and Trust Company, operated by men from Carson and Genoa. And then there was the Tonopah Banking Corporation. That was a Wingfield-Nixon bank. And the cashier of that bank was Eugene Howell, who later was secretary of state for years and years and years. (He has a son living in Reno here now; he represents the Navy, Jack Howell.) He, with myself and Brady, superintendent of West End, and Malcolm Macdonald, helped finance Oddie on his trip when he ran for governor. Arthur Raycraft was the cashier of Nye and Ormsby County Bank. (His wife is now in Carson. She was a beautiful girl, and she was a witness to our wedding in Tonopah.) Well, the State Bank and Trust and the Nye and Ormsby County Bank, they closed their doors; they failed. So there was just the Tonopah Banking Corporation operating.

After the banks went out of business, Cutty and Stock failed, and there was only just the store on the corner, but I think they took down the partitions, or something or other. Just the one store there. Not nearly the revenue there was in the beginning of Tonopah. The slump came in 1907. That's when the banks failed, and darn near every kind of bank. The State Bank and Trust

Company failed, and they had that big five-story building. The president of the bank, Mr. Rickey, lived in Carson. The only bank that didn't fail was the Tonopah Banking Corporation.

People left in droves when the businesses failed, and Manhattan even collapsed. My friend, Humphrey, who was my law partner, his companies went phooey. He was in ranching. I remember it was either the first of January that year or on the first of January in 1908.

That wintertime, my wife and her sister gave a reception in this Bartlett house, the Knights of Columbus House in Tonopah. I gave John, the Negro, an old dress suit of mine to wear, and was he proud! He had a dress suit and everything on and was proud as the dickens!

It was a nice party. wonderful floor to dance on. Mrs. Atkinson's mother and Gail, Mrs. Atkinson's sister, and her other sister, Orrie, were there. Clyde, Mrs. Atkinson's brother, was there, of course, then all of her friends. Wonderful! Mrs. Atkinson liked it in Tonopah. You see, her father and mother lived there. The women had a very good social group, a dandy. Both our sons were born in our house in Tonopah. Dr. Ashley was the one that delivered Bob, and I helped him because he had to use instruments. And my son, Harry, Jr., was delivered by Dr. Edward S. Grigsby, whose wife was very prominent socially. Lob was born on July 28, 1910, and Junior was born March 4, 1912. We sent to San Francisco to get nurses for them in each case.

I remember when Junior had just been born and we had this nurse from San Francisco. Mrs. Atkinson and I, and, of course, Bob, was home with the nurse. He was only two years old, and a terrific storm came up. And I went out and the water

was going down the main Street there up to my knees. I never will forget that. And lightning—holy smoke!

They had a hospital there. It was called the Miner's Union Hospital. There were two principal doctors, Dr. Hamlin and Dr. Grigsby.



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## LIFE IN RENO: PROHIBITION AND POLITICS

Around 1923, we were about ready to leave Tonopah. It had settled down. It wasn't the attractive place it was when we first went there. Political aspirations weren't fulfilled down there. Through Oddie, I had been appointed to a job as a special assistant to the U. S. Attorney General in San Francisco to handle antitrust matters. I went from Tonopah to San Francisco in '23 to assume that position. We had offices across the street from the big hotel that's there now; we had a top floor in this five-story building across the street. The antitrust section was in the Department of Justice, and I had jurisdiction in Washington, Oregon, and California, as well as Nevada and Utah. I held that job until they were going to close the office in 1926. If I had to go places, such as Tacoma or Portland or someplace like that on business, all I had to do was to call the office of the railroad and ask for a Pullman reservation and give them my name!

Next thing I knew, however, I got a wire from George Wingfield asking me to be United States Attorney for Nevada. That looked much better. I wrote back yes, but told him I would

like to close this office and be there in about in the fall or September. So in September, I closed the office in San Francisco and came up here and got offices at the Reno National Bank building on Second and Virginia, right next to the president's office, the president of the bank. Wingfield's office was on the second floor, and it was the—I guess it was the bank people, they had it, and that's the reason I had to get out afterwards. The thing got so big that they needed my office, so I had to leave, and that's why I came to this location, the Clay-Peters building. At that time, I couldn't get any other offices except these here. The building on the corner here had a fire and that wasn't available, so I took this and have been here ever since. This building has a very interesting history.

Wingfield was the Republican national committeeman, and so I knew he wanted me to have the U. S. Attorney job. And as he was national committeeman, he wired me if I would like to take it, which was quite a compliment, and I told him as soon as I could close the western antitrust section, as I said

before. I got through by September, 1926 and was appointed United States Attorney for Nevada, a position I held for two terms until 1934.

Reno was good at that time. It was so different from now. We had a nice little circle of friends here. Of course, pretty many of them came up from southern Nevada. George Thatcher and his wife came up here, and William Foreman, Sr. and his family, and Bill McKnight. Jack Withers came from Goldfield, as did C. H. McIntosh and Cooke. H. R. Cooke came here and stayed on. George Bartlett came up here from Tonopah. His wife's a good bridge player. Funny family. They had two daughters and a son. The son lives in the South somewhere. He seemed to be away from the family most of the time. Two daughters. One was—I think afterwards became a lawyer, or at least she was secretary to a lawyer, or something like that. The other one was something like a boy, not intimate like the others were, like the other one was, and like her mother was—little people. Carson, he was quite a fellow. He got a few drinks under his belt and he would be dancing. He would be a twister. There was some dancing place where they had a fountain. He hit somebody and they fell in the fountain. There was a place up at the lake where the boundary line between Nevada and California went right through the dance floor, marked by a line. Oh, it was up there at the Cal Neva. That was owned by McKay and Graham, too, originally. And McKay and Graham had the Willows, which was in Reno. That was a dandy place, but it burned down. It was beautifully fixed up. They were spread out and were well heeled.

Bill Graham and Jim McKay were entirely different temperaments. Bill was "a man of the boys." Jim was not nearly so popular. I knew them both fairly well. They were not accepted

in the community, at least not socially. Wingfield also didn't care for social life. He didn't care for it a bit, nor did his wives seem to. Bill Graham used to go to the Grand Cafe, the Grand Bar. That was one of his places where he sort of had a hangout, as he called it. He'd go there quite frequently. He used to swear like a trooper. But as I say, the boys liked him and he'd fit in, much better than Jim. Bill got his wife a fine house here on California Avenue or Gordon, somewhere like that, a very nice house on the southwest corner. That's where she lives. That's her house, Mrs. Graham's. I think she is still alive. Tim McKay had a house on South Virginia someplace, a frame house.

The old Riverside Hotel was an outstanding Reno building. Instead of being all closed in like it is now, they had a nice outdoor porch that faced the river, and then I think afterwards it was glassed in. And they had a bar right there on the corner. Nick Ableman was one of the late owners, and before that, he operated a place in Goldfield. That was a nice place. That's where Mrs. Atkinson and I stopped on the day we got married. He came up on the train and stayed overnight at the Riverside, the old Riverside. It took all day on the train. The Riverside had good food and they had dancing there.

The fellow that owned the Golden was Frank Golden. There was the Golden, the Overland, and the Riverside. They were the three hotels that were operating then. The Golden and the Overland had their clientele of mining people. The Riverside was above that, a little bit higher class. The Riverside had a nice dining room and dancing, and they had a fellow playing the piano who married a rich girl. She fell for him. And they afterwards went to California and were down on the ocean front, along about where the "seventeen-mile drive" is, around Carmel. He fell right in. He slipped and never came back.



In Reno, we first went to live on a corner, a house owned by Mrs. Humphrey. We were there quite a while. Then we bought this home on South Sierra. We lived at Mrs. Humphrey's a little while before we finally got it. I saw a good chance to buy it. It was a good deal because I made a good deal, a fine bunch of money on that, when I sold it.

I knew so many people, especially from my acquaintances while still in Nevada, especially miners. They'd get so they couldn't work very well. They'd get a job tending bar in some of these little places around Nevada. And they'd get caught and they'd be in a terrible stew, and they'd be coming to me to help them out.

Enforcing prohibition was one of my chief jobs as U. S. Attorney. Prominent people owned bootlegging places. Wingfield might have owned the Reno Social Club. He might have been the undercover, but there was Bill Graham and Jim McKay on the outside. Later, Bill was sent to Leavenworth on account of some deal in which he was found guilty, and I think also that McKay was, too, found guilty. They owned lots of places during prohibition. They owned a fine dancing place—very, very nice place. Oh, I can remember any number of these places around Reno. There was a place that sold nothing but soft drinks. That was a place right next to here. I've forgotten the name of the fellow that had it. And he only sold soft drinks and made a lot of money on it. Nothing but soft drinks.

It was hard to enforce prohibition, awfully hard. Of course, I told the fellows that we wouldn't stack against anybody. We wouldn't do any underhanded work to catch them or to break in or anything like that. We had good men, and they were told just to be careful because they would spoil the case if they weren't. As a result, we had a wonderful record of convictions, wonderful record of

convictions. They all knew that we were on the up and up, mostly.

Some of the fellows coming in from the outside were these prohibition agents that you couldn't control, hardly. They were a little bit fast about doing things. They tried to catch me, too. Oh, you bet your life! And they also tried to get Wingfield because I think his cook or someone like that gave some records to them, or was alleged to have done it. They used a search warrant to search his house. They tried to get the goods on him, but they didn't. Prohibition was a bad "noble experiment."

There was a prohi named Higgins who was then in charge, and he had set his mind on doing a good job. He even tried to catch me, as I said before. Back there in Washington, they had a unit, an alcoholic unit, or something of that kind. The man in charge back there had his subordinates all over the country, and they had the prohis, the units that were doing the detective work, the sleuthing and arresting. And some places, they'd demolish a place. And if they'd go in and demolish a place, they'd just break up everything, all of it. They'd have a force of six or eight or ten agents, something like that. And they'd get agents on special assignment to come out separately, or at least in a decent force, and they would use all kinds of intrigue to get in the place, because these places always used to have a peephole in the door, and they'd look right through. And they had a thing on a swivel, a cover on the peephole, and they'd put that swivel up and look through and see who was knocking at the door there. If he was okay, he went in.

Once, I had to prosecute a friend of my son. My son had a friend, a fellow named Joe Geyser. Joe wasn't very much good, but Bob liked him. And he was a cattleman, and Bob liked to ride. Joe got in trouble and Bob came and he said, "Now, Dad, Joe's a nice fellow,

and he's my friend. He's a good man. Please, Dad, please do what you can for him," and all like that. He put it right up to me. And Joe had a saloon right down here on Second Street, right next to the bank building here, on the south side of Second Street, just West of Virginia. It was called the Roundup at that time. Yes, they pretended to obey the law. And the only place that I know of that was absolutely up and up was a fellow who had a bar right next to this Clay-Peters building there, which I already mentioned.

There were also some interesting opium cases while I was U. S. attorney from 1926 to 1934. Funny thing, there was a judge in Montana who would never give a hard sentence to anyone who was caught with opium or any kind of drug. For some reason or other (he had some particular reason), he would always give a very minimum.

But then, [E.S.] Farrington, he was tough, Judge Farrington they had in Carson. That's the one who was on liquor cases and on opium and other kinds of drug cases. Farrington was [Frank] Norcross' predecessor. And [Thomas P.] Hawley was predecessor of Farrington. He was a fine judge; he was a fine judge. He came from Colorado. Hawley was retired. Farrington, he lived in Carson, married a very nice woman, a very nice lady, and he retired. He didn't last long after his retirement. Like the fellows, they go on and on until they retire, and nothing to do, and then they just go "bonk." His case is the finest example of that that I ever knew. And Norcross got on the bench and followed Farrington.

Norcross was a good judge, very good. Norcross was a very, very fair judge, a very fair judge, very. He didn't get an appointment to go on to circuit court, but he deserved it. Wingfield and I had quite a bit to do with Norcross getting appointed as U. S. District Judge. They picked on him later when he

was slated for a federal appointment as circuit judge. The only thing I can think of as to why they did that was that it was the Democratic administration who wanted to get at Wingfield, and Norcross was closely tied up with Wingfield. Originally, Norcross was part of the Woodburn and Thatcher law firm. Woodburn was already in Reno and Thatcher came up here from Tonopah and Norcross was here, and that's how they got together. When Norcross left the firm to take this federal judgeship, it was Thatcher and Woodburn.

Norcross wasn't brilliant. He wasn't brilliant like Thatcher and Woodburn. Those two fellows were brilliant. As a matter of fact, Norcross was more of an appellate judge than he was a trial judge, because a trial judge generally has to be right on the button. But Norcross was apt to be deliberate. He was slow and deliberate. But actually, I always thought him thoroughly on the up and up, thoroughly on the up and up.

Woodburn was the opposite of Thatcher. Thatcher was good on both civil and criminal [cases]. He was good at them both. I think Woodburn was more of the criminal end. But Thatcher was in the top of proficiency. He had proficiency in both civil and criminal law. He was a marvel—nice, nice, very nice. All of them were very congenial, congenial fellows. And Woodburn was more sociable, a more active personality.

Both had more vitality than Norcross. Norcross was sort of more or less profound, profound and proficient, but much slower. He didn't have the skill. Woodburn was the one who was the star one on that. He was quite a comedian. They were attorneys for George Wingfield, who was Republican national committeeman. George Thatcher was Democratic national committeeman. So Thatcher and Woodburn had everything in their office.



I didn't tell you how George Thatcher got appointed attorney general, did I? That was when Oddie was governor. He was from Tonopah and a Republican. Gilbert Ross was lieutenant governor; he was a Democrat. Well, Cleve Baker was attorney general at that time (Democrat). (And by the way, he went to Stanford when I did, and we both joined the Zeta Psi fraternity the same night, going to Stanford.) Cleve got elected attorney general. He was a very frail fellow. He married the daughter of Senator George C. Perkins of California. But he withered away and died. Oddie was away, and Cleve Baker died and that left a vacancy, and Gilbert Ross, being the lieutenant governor, in the absence of Oddie, was acting governor. Well, Gilbert Ross proceeded right away to appoint George Thatcher, a Democrat. And was Oddie furious! George got the appointment, and that set George Thatcher on his way up.

My job as U. S. Attorney dealt only with the enforcement of federal statutes, which at that time dealt mostly with enforcing the prohibition law. We didn't have anything to do with the gambling. And we were involved with the enforcement of this prohibition law because that was a federal statute.

One of the interesting cases I had as U. S. Attorney involved Roy Frisch, who was cashier of the bank here in Reno. I remember the time when he disappeared. They always said that [Wingfield] was responsible for that. He was, I would say, an inoffensive kind of a fellow. I don't know why they got after him, what he did, but apparently he was never found afterwards. Reno was pretty upset about the fact. I remember the day it happened, when it was supposed to have happened. You bet your life. Of course, everybody thought he was dumped in Lake Tahoe. My office just had to depend upon the federal FBI to do the investigating. They made it a very thorough

affair. There was some pretty good men on that thing, too.

I remember some interesting Republican conventions in Reno. On account of being district attorney in Tonopah, I knew many of the fellows all over the state. And once, the Republicans around Reno were supporting Roberts against Oddie, and they practically controlled that Republican convention, as far as the local part was concerned. Then the boys came in from the outside, and what I told them was this whole thing.

We had a meeting down at the Golden Hotel where the fellows came in. Come of them were representatives of the clothing people and like that all over this country who had their showrooms in there. So one of them was empty, and we had to have a meeting in there. And I told them about the situation. By gosh, that was a couple of days before the state convention. And so we had this thing well organized by then. So Sardis Summerfield was the temporary chairman, and then Clyde Souter became the permanent chairman. So we were well organized.

I remember one way to vote was by count of lot. I remember we had a fellow come in from around Gardnerville. I've forgotten his name now. He was strong for Roberts. We got him drunk, so he didn't attend the convention. And then there was the time when a fellow from Beatty had sent a proxy to a fellow up here authorizing him to cast his vote but with instructions that he vote for Oddie. Well, I got a word somehow that this fellow was going to be for Roberts. And I wired this fellow in Beatty that this fellow had the proxy but was going to vote for Roberts. And he wired him back canceling his proxy and naming somebody else his proxy. Of course, nobody knew anything about it. And he must have wired the fellow, too, canceling the proxy, but he said nothing about it. I got tipped off

by Western Union somehow or other on the thing, and that's how I happened to wire the man. And so when I got the word from the fellow in Beatty, I went to this man who was for Roberts, right there in the convention, and I said, "So-and-so and so-and-so, didn't you get a wire from so-and-so down there in Beatty revoking that proxy?" And you should have seen his face! You should have seen his face!

They (Roberts and Oddie) were opposing each other, and the result of that was that the convention made no recommendation. Mr. Roberts had it all primed so as to have the convention endorse him, but they didn't do it. That's why Oddie got the nomination, and he beat Denver Dickerson. Dickerson had succeeded John Sparks. Dickerson then was lieutenant governor. Sparks died, and he succeeded Sparks as governor, and then he was a candidate on the Democratic party for governor, and he was opposed by Oddie and Oddie beat him. He (Roberts) went for congress and he was elected, and he served quite a while. (Roberts' daughter married Walter Perry Johnson, who was a great pitcher on a Washington baseball team.) Funny part of it was that 11W. A.] Massey ran for the senate against somebody, and Roberts ran for congress. Roberts' method was to go around and be "palsy," and he'd get terribly stewed. Massey used to give him hell, but Massey didn't get elected and Roberts did.

Roberts, he was a real campaigner. He was a real campaigner. Made a wonderful campaign speech, perfect, perfect, perfect. Then he became mayor of Reno, and I think he held that job for quite a while. E. E. Roberts. An affable fellow. I didn't know him very well. See, I was U. S. Attorney, I think, at that time, district attorney, and I didn't know him very well.

Massey ran against Pittman in 1912. Right, and Pittman beat him. Massey didn't have the personality of a politician. Pittman

did. Pittman was a terrible man for drinking, though. He'd get so damn stewed. He was a brilliant fellow in every way and a nice personality. But he was a tough one—shoot up the places here and there. That didn't make any difference to people then. It didn't, really. He'd get lit and he was heartless, reckless, and he was apt to do anything. Shoot up in the air and shoot at anything.

Massey was a good lawyer. I think he was a judge here. A. F. Cheney and Massey had an office. Massey became judge, and Cheney became the head of the firm of Cheney, Donner, Price, and Hawkins. And Cheney also was a judge later. Bob Price was a fine fellow.

When Wingfield wouldn't take the nomination for United States Senate after Nixon died and Oddie offered it to him, Massey was appointed. Wingfield wouldn't take a political job. He never did because they had too much about them. You see, he didn't have a very savory reputation from the time he came into Reno, Nevada. He was a gambler, and then he was linked with this Mae Wingfield. He had no standing socially in those days at all, not at all. It took his marriage to the daughter of the president of Metropolitan National Bank down in San Francisco to lift him up into some social status.

McCarran ran against Oddie once. No, he ran against a fellow named Ray Baker, who was superintendent of the Mint, because he had a wonderful standing with the senator back there. I think it was probably Newlands. Of course, I knew him very, very well, Ray Baker, because he was a brother of Cleve Baker, who I have mentioned previously. Cleve aligned himself with Pat McCarran as his assistant and acted as that. And then, when Pat went to the supreme bench of Nevada, Cleve ran for attorney general against George Springmeyer and won.

Ray Baker was a spectacular fellow. He'd come around with a pink silk handkerchief around his neck, dressed in Western clothes and boots or something like that, and have this pink handkerchief around his neck. Spectacular! He played the gallery. But he was clever, he was a good politician, and that's why he stood in so well in Washington in the Wilson administration. And that's how he got to be superintendent of the Mint there. Then he came out here and was made warden of the penitentiary. He married a very prominent socialite back East. [William G. ] McAdoo was Secretary of the Treasury under Wilson, and he knew that was one of his forces, his friendship with McAdoo.

I knew the Baker family. There was Ray and Cleve and two other brothers, younger, and then he had a sister who was a beautiful girl. Gosh, she was a beauty! I've forgotten who she married. Ray must have married one of the highlights of Boston society. He was quite a friend of Joe Tumulty, who was Wilson's secretary.

We had a party one night at his home in Washington. I was there just about the time Oddie was elected and going to be sworn in as United States Senator. And Mrs. Atkinson and I were their guests at their home. I was with flay or somebody else, and Joe told me he had a suite in the Metropolitan building in Washington, and did he give us a show that night! That was a perfect sideboard. I'll never forget, too, there was a senator or Supreme Court judge or something like that in the party, some man of considerable importance back there who wouldn't have liked it to be known that he was in that party.

Here's something about Ray. He ran for the Democratic nomination for the Senate in 1926. I think he ran against Oddie. I didn't care much for Ray anyhow. But he was clever. He beat Pat McCarran and ran against Oddie

in the general election. You see, he had the organization behind him, and Pat, he was a little bit independent.

I want to say that Pat McCarran made a wonderful senator. He was helpful to Republicans as well as Democrats. It was right to him to do something which was reasonable; you could count upon him to do it. Of course, he had this secretary, this woman who is now Director of the Mint, Eva Adams, and she was a tremendous help to him, tremendous help to him. She'd carry out lots of things.

McCarran took over the political machine of the state after Wingfield on account of personal popularity. The funny part of it was the firm of Thatcher and Woodburn, they were the attorneys for George Wingfield. He was a Republican, and George Wingfield was the Republican national committeeman at that time, and George Thatcher was the Democratic national committeeman. Right there in that office they had both parties, but they're awfully good friends of mine. They also helped Wingfield when he went through bankruptcy and they were his attorneys. He had his reasons for it—I don't know. Apparently they preserved his assets, but he went through bankruptcy.

Two other people that were prominent in Reno were Tom Miller, who is still alive, and Felice Cohn. Tom Miller's father was the governor of Delaware, and Felice Cohn had quite a following here. I don't really know what men thought of a woman attorney. Although I knew her through the years, my controversial contacts with her were very limited, very limited. As far as honesty and integrity were concerned, I think she was all right.

I continued my political career by running for the Republican nomination for the United States Senate and was only beaten by a few hundred votes.



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## CHURCH AND LODGE ACTIVITIES AND A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

In regard to church activities in Tonopah, I was for a while senior warden in the Episcopal Church down there and in charge of the upkeep of the place. A man by the name of [Rector] Thomas was the pastor, and on November 28, 1906, he united me and Katherine Jackson in marriage in the stone house there, the residence next to the church. I can't recall his first name. The church didn't have a large membership, but a nice membership.

When I first got to Reno, Trinity Episcopal Church occupied its present position, but it was a basement and they used that. They improved it and made it very handsome. The acoustics were good and everything. They occupied that for years and years.

And I remember [Rector] Garth [E.] Sibbald, who was the pastor (1942-1946) . We picked Sibbald out from St. Stephen's. We went over to hear him. We had heard he was good, hadn't been out here very long. So Si Ross and I and someone else went over to hear him. We just heard him deliver that one sermon, and we just wanted him right

then and there. And we got him, too. But he was a remarkable fellow. Gosh, he'd do everything! He'd help very materially with the upkeep of the church (building the fire in the morning and things like that) because the congregation wasn't too large and money wasn't very plentiful. And so he just saved as much expense as possible. He was a marvelous fellow. He was a peach. He just personified benevolence. He had a stroke just at the end of the service from which he died, I think late that day or the next day. And I'll never forget that last look he gave me as he was passing by, following the choir at the opening of the service, a look—you know, very telling.

His wife's a lovely lady. She was a typical, fine, competent minister's wife. She's here now. Her name is Sibbald. She's in the telephone directory, Mrs. Garth Sibbald. They had a very fine daughter and two sons.

Then he passed away, and there was a minister by the name of [Rector Warren L.] Botkin. I guess he was before Sibbald [1939-1942], because [Rector] John T. Ledger came [1946-1962]. And he had a very nice family.

They're now down in Del Monte. Ledger's the pastor of the St. John's church there. He has a son, Jack, up in British Columbia. He (Rector Ledger) was instrumental in building the church as it now stands. We got him primarily on account of his great interest in children. He came from the East, I think Pennsylvania.

Another pastor [1962-1964] was [Rector] Wayne, who is now in charge of the church up in Tacoma; Wayne T. Williamson, I think it is. He had a very fine woman; his wife's a very charming person. And he has two boys. He came to Trinity from Elko. About as much as I remember about him was he was very competent, very loyal and very efficient, giving a good sermon, being considerate of the members of his parish, and altogether a most desirable man to have as a rector of a church. (Of course, off the record, he left here because he couldn't get along with his assistant, and it didn't seem as if they were going to be able to get rid of the assistant, which they should have done. So he felt that it was wasting time to stay here.)

Then after him came [Rector James E.] Shaw from California. He didn't last long [1965-1996]. He was arbitrary. He was anything but efficient or qualified as a pastor. He was not a shepherd of the sheep by a long shot. He became so arbitrary and autocratic that it was necessary for the bishop to set a date for his removal. Shaw went to San Francisco or something like that. And coming back, he has a sort of a stroke (so they said), and he was taken to some hospital and died.

And then he was followed by—I guess he was followed by [Rector James E.] Carroll, the present rector. And Carroll has only been here about five or six months, I think, [began in 1966]. Bishop [William G.] Wright is essentially the administrator. He had some important position with the general body and came from the East. I was president and

participating in his installation, or whatever you call it, at Trinity [in 1959. Wright is still bishop here.] Both Carroll and Wright are good men, nice, clean-cut fellows and are a credit to the church, have a nice family.

I was also chancellor to Bishop Lewis. I was sixteen years chancellor . the last six were for Bishop Wright, and previous to that time, for Bishop Lewis. He was a fine fellow, William Fisher Lewis. [Bishop Lewis was installed at Trinity in 1942.] He was largely responsible for getting the Galilee quarters up on the shores of Lake Tahoe built up. One of the leading members had a cottage on the shores of Tahoe. I think I told you about it. A man coming up in overalls to see you, and that was Bishop Lewis, by gosh, getting on the big dishes and everything else. He was a real Christian. He went to Olympia, Washington as chancellor of that diocese. He died about a year ago.

Major Sampson supervised the purchase of the pews of the church, and they are the most comfortable pews I have ever sat in. Gordon Sampson. He's very efficient, and, of course, he has charge of the funds from taxes on the motor court, the auto courts, and he's collector of that. He had charge of the finances in building the chapel of the Trinity church.

I remember that once, to make money for the church, we put on a womanless wedding. I was supposed to represent Fritz Krisler, and my young son, Junior, Harry Hunt Atkinson, Jr., [now deceased], was there dressed up like a floozy. We concocted this wedding because the church was in financial difficulty. We had two or three rehearsals on this little thing and made a bucket of money out of it.

Later, I was telling George Wingfield about this womanless wedding. I stopped in to see him before he was married to Miss Thoma, his second wife. I stopped in and we went for a drink. We had two or three. His



mother belonged to our church, and I told him about the financial difficulties and what we had done, and so forth and so on. He absented himself for a few minutes and came back with a check to me for three thousand dollars.

My Masonic activities started, I think, in September, 1909. I was made a Mason. I think I've got the exact date here. June 5, 1909, Tonopah Lodge No. 28. My father knew the Past Grand Master of the Masons of Nevada, and he came out and made me a Mason. He was Past Master of Utah. My father was Past Junior Grand Warden; he wasn't Past Grand Master. He was Past Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Utah. He came out and completed my elevation to a Master Mason.

The Tonopah lodge was a very active lodge, very active. In 1908, it was very active. I was Master of the Masons. I had a tremendous rise. I was made a Mason in 1909, and I was Master of the lodge in 1912. I was Grand Master in 1920. I was appointed Junior Grand Warden in 1917—Junior Grand Deacon, rather—and I was Grand Master in 1920. That was due to the fact that two men who would be between me and Grand Master. One died, and for some reason, the other fellow was not available or was not here, or something like that, I think. I took his position. That was remarkable, you see, because Junior Grand Deacon and Senior Grand Deacon, and Junior Grand Warden and Senior Grand Warden, Deputy Grand Master—all those five I had to go through before becoming Grand Master. Very rapid rise. Now, of course, they have what they call the Past Grand Masters in the Nevada lodge, Grand Lodge of Masons of the state of Nevada. I am the dean of that.

In the early days, the Masons held their meetings in what was known as the second story of the Butler building in Tonopah. When

I was Master of the Tonopah lodge in 1912, the Nye and Ormsby County Bank had their bank in that building. They owned the building. And we bought the building and raised the roof about nine feet. One of our members was a well-known contractor down there, and very competent, and we bought the building and raised it nine feet. And, of course, the lodge down in Tonopah still owns the building. The lodge quarters are upstairs, and there was a drugstore downstairs.

The Eagles—that was a funny thing. I was secretary of the Eagles, and then I was elected president. Some fellow (I've forgotten his name), I ran against him. But in those days—I don't know—part of the—what you might say—the gang, so to speak—group, you might say—it would seem the natural thing to do is to become an Eagle. And I might say this, that they were a very, very active bunch, a very active bunch.

And the Eagles and the Elks used to stage a baseball game. And I remember it must have been just shortly after I got there because they had one of those games in Tonopah, and they wanted to catch me, and they had a kangaroo court. And they started out to get me. I ran all over the place there, all over the baseball park there. We entertained the crowd for quite a little while. Goodness sakes, it was funny! They got me finally. It was fun. When I went, I proceeded to vomit everything I had. I did—some little while after that. And then one time, we went to Goldfield. One of our fellows, Billy Douglass, got on a burro and fell off and broke his arm.

Tonopah and Goldfield were very friendly, quite brotherly. Tonopah had a remarkably wonderful Christmas dance. They came from everywhere, from Ely and Mina and Bridgeport and Bishop and Las Vegas and Manhattan—the whole town. It was some party, too, I'll tell you! I remember we had

champagne; we all had champagne. It was a good party!

Then I think I became a member of the Knights of Pythias, too. I didn't stay with that very long. I went to San Francisco in '23, and then I stopped my membership; I've forgotten when.

But I remained with the Elks and became Exalted Ruler, then District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and then later a member of the Big Brother committee of the Grand Lodge. I'm still a member of Tonopah [Lodge No.] 1062; I'm still a member. I'm a life member. I kept my membership down there. I still keep my Masonic membership in Tonopah in the Blue Lodge, as you might call it. But, of course, I became a member of the Scottish Rite and the Royal Arch Bodies and the Jesters, and I was what they call director of the Jesters. That was the top ranking office.

Then, of course, I was Potentate of the Shrine here, Potentate of the Shrine. I had quite a problem [with] the thirty first degree of the Scottish Rite. I was a thirty-third degree member of the Scottish Rite of the Grand Lodge, jurisdiction of Nevada, thirty-third. Ordinarily, when you're made a Scottish Rite Mason, you're a thirty-second degree Mason. Then we were elected a member of the thirty-third degree Grand Lodge by the Imperial Body who sits in Washington. Si Ross is the head man here on that. And I've had the visitory work of the thirty first for I guess the last fifteen years, very interesting—about sixteen.

I've been elected to the order of Constantine in the York Rite. I haven't been made a member yet. I'm the Knight Templar, though. The Constantine is coming along in a couple of months or so.

At Stanford, I was in Pi Delta Phi, a legal fraternity, and then Zeta Psi, the national fraternity. I was also a member of what is

known as the Sigma Sigma, an honorary society. I was a member of the Stanford Gymnasium Club and instructor of Indian clubs in the gymnasium, and a member of the Glee and Mandolin Club. They had a guitar and a mandolin. I played the guitar. And I was in the glee club, and they traveled together, you see. And then, I belonged to the Court of Abbott. That's a legal society. And in my postgraduate years, I was a member of the Bench and Bar of the Stanford Law School.

I'm a member of the Executive Club. I think it was just a voluntary membership, an association get-together to get good attractions here. I'm also a member of the Community Concert Association. I attend the meetings, but I'm not a member of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. I belong to the Washoe County Bar and the State Bar and the American Bar, all three.

Regarding my family, Katherine Atkinson, the first Mrs. Atkinson, was a splendid mother and a loving mother and all that—darling wife, just—well, a genuine person, really a genuine person. Friendly character. Good-looking and modest, her father and mother, old stock pioneers of the West. He, being a mining man, went all over the country. Her mother came from Ohio down the Mississippi River across the Isthmus. She came on a sailing ship, and they were married at Lick House in San Francisco. It was in California or someplace like that. Friendly character. Wonderful person. Intellectual. She had a lot of real good friends, about a generation of real good friends. They were, what you might say, fraternal. She saw them quite often. She could plan a big party or anything like that, too. She just loved it. It would be just a little [party], two or three people together. Or maybe a person was going to be in a city where she had several friends, and she would go see them off and on.



This house on South Sierra which we bought had the most beautiful hardwood floors you ever saw. It was the only place in town which was built quite a while ago. It was built around 1920, I guess, or something like that. It would be a general sort of a yellow maple floor, I think, something like that. And she'd have a band like that of light brown and another band of dark brown, and they'd go along like that. And they would follow a contour—beautiful floor between the living room and dining room, beautiful.

There was a large living room-dining room that was opened up, so there was just one large room like that. We had two bedrooms in that main house, but there was an extra room built on the back. And then there was a bedroom, a master bedroom, and from that bedroom, a hall went to the bathroom. En route was the clothes closet with the drawers. And just before you got to the bathroom was the entrance to another bedroom. Then there was a kitchen there and a back—it wasn't a back porch; it was part of the house. It was where you kept all your utilities and things like that to run the house. Then there was a porch. Then off the porch was the entrance to this other bedroom. We had a nice yard in the back.

She (Mrs. Atkinson) passed away right in a large bed in the dining room which we had there about six months. She was bedridden all of that time. She died about eleven o'clock at night, very peaceful. I happened to be in my bedroom when I heard a noise, and she had just passed on, because not very long before that I had given her an injection for diabetes. My son, Junior, was in the East and he came out from New York. My son Bob had already passed away. [He died in an airplane accident at Kelly Field, Texas, in 1936.]

The second Mrs. Atkinson was born in Chatham, New York. Before our marriage in

1961, her name was Cecil Payne Chapman. Mr. Chapman, her previous husband, died some years before. She came out here in '28, I think. And then after Mr. Chapman came out, they were married. They were married quite a while, and he passed on. Now, from what she told me, he must have been a very fine fellow, very fine fellow. And she's a dandy person, brilliant, good head, and clever with her hands in drawings.

She knows how to drive a car like nobody's business. She learned to drive a car backwards first. It's stood her in good stead, exceptionally well. She and her friend were going up a canyon someplace. I don't know whether it was in California or here or in the East. At any rate, they were going up this canyon and they saw a car ahead of them, and apparently she was afraid they were just waiting for them to come along and then something was going to happen. So she just proceeded to back down, and she backed down all the way. And it just took a short time for her to do it, and she lost them.

And then on another occasion when she was driving out from the East with a friend she was driving, they hit one of these service stations. They saw a couple of men there. Then they started out, she and her friend. One of these men started after them. She said she was going up about ninety miles an hour there for a while. There was a side road coming in, and there was a car coming along on it, and she had to make that connection to get there so that car would be between them and those fellows that were following them. And she lost them. She was a marvelous driver, marvelous! She's a good housekeeper, a very fine wife, and a very fine person.

One of my slogans, especially in later years, has always been "got to keep going to keep going." And that's why I've always kept going, generally speaking (to the best of my

ability, that is). Sometimes you'd get up and you didn't want to, but that's the philosophy. Then, of course, I've always taken sitting-up exercises ever since I was in the army, and it was this gymnasium. And I used to do it in the back yard of my house, especially up here on South Sierra, and before then, every day during the summer until she got the doctor to get after me once. And he said, "You'd better stop that a little bit." So I did, to some extent, but I kept on [doing] this outdoor exercise stripped to the waist until Mrs. Katie Atkinson left, and even then I did it all during her lifetime. My diet is good. I generally go to bed around nine-thirty, or something like that.

Then I make it a point not to engage with anyone in a useless discussion. If someone disagrees with me and I don't think we can do anything about it to go any further, I just drop it, that's all. I figure this: if you're worrying about something and you have something that makes you antagonistic, the thing to do is to change the subject matter and get off onto something else if you can and save a lot of strain and put yourself into a more or less constructive [frame of mind]. I've tried to follow that, and I do like to help out friends of mine that are either sick or flat on their back, or something like that, to boost them. In other words, don't court trouble. It's much better to be constructive than it is to be negative. That's the general idea.

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